

AUGUST

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Childrens Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers



"THE MAKINGS OF A MAN"



Mary's Mellowspun frock is made after Children's Vogue Pattern No. 2704

Mary, Mary, quite contrary.
Come in, for the sky's o'ercast,
What if rain comes down on your silken gown?
"Oh, the colors are really fast."

Mary, Mary, Oh be wary!
The shower has just begun!
"I'm in no hurry and I should worry —
My Mellowspun frock won't run."

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when your child's health is at stake**

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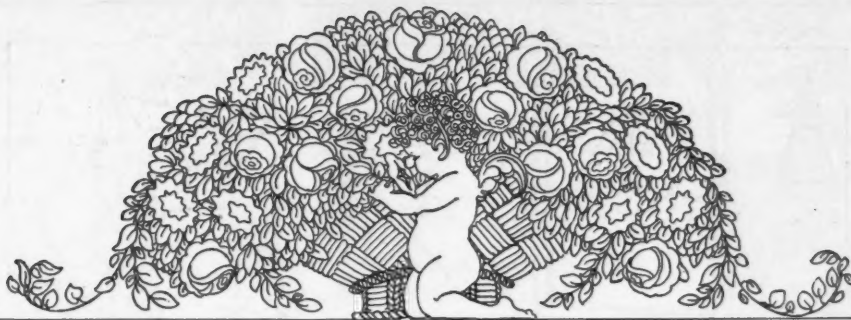
Every responsible father and mother should have this set of 3 Little Books. See that there is one in your family. You owe it to your child to learn everything possible that will help you to give him perfect health.

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CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume III

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1924

Number 8

COVER DESIGN Hazel Frazee	PUZZLE—FIND ALICE Helen Hudson
GREETING PAGE	THE FAIRY WITH THE SILVERY VOICE
IN MUSICLAND Rose Waldo	Myrtle Jamison Trachsel
<i>Drawing by Ethel R. Cline</i>	<i>Drawings by J. Bruce Condon</i>
IN MUSIC LAND Frontispiece	THE TOYTOWN TATTLER Alfred Wideman
<i>Drawing by Mabel Betsy Hill</i>	THE BEAR HUNT Maude Day Baltzell
MUSIC LESSONS Helen Wing	<i>Illustration by Marybelle Kimball</i>
<i>Drawing by Mabel Betsy Hill</i>	TIGHTEN AND LOOSEN Gertrude Lee Crouch
THE MUSIC CLUB COMPOSERS George H. Gartlan	THE CITY IN THE SAND Jeannette C. Shirk
<i>Illustrations by Mabel Betsy Hill</i>	PARENTS' PAGE Helen B. Paulsen
DREAM-FAIRY-DEAR Anna Williams Arnett	OUR BOOK FRIENDS Avis Freeman Meigs
<i>Illustrations by Billie E. Waddell</i>	PARROTS AND PEANUTS Hazel Sample
JUST LIKE THIS Bess Devine Jewell	<i>Illustrations by Dorothy Short</i>
THE MUTT Patten Beard	YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S
<i>Illustrations by Vernon Kirkbride</i>	POSTER PAGE Marie W. Driggs
THE CHINA DOLL Lucy Elizabeth Jones	HOW THESE MODERN INVENTIONS DO
<i>Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline</i>	SAVE More Evermore
THE GIVEN-AWAY-BIRTHDAY . Margaret Warde	<i>Illustrations by Helen Hudson</i>
<i>Illustrations by Billie E. Waddell</i>	GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE
THE SEA VICTORS Mary Graham Bonner	THE JOLLY J'S Helene Nyce
<i>Illustrations by Donn P. Crane</i>	JOY GIVERS' CLUB
THE SLEEPING MOUNTAIN	
Flora Warren Seymour	
<i>Illustrations by Vernon Kirkbride</i>	

ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; MARJORIE BARROWS, Assistant Editor; ROBERT A. BURTON, JR., Advertising Manager. TERMS: To the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba, and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; single copies 35 cents. Canada \$3.00 per year. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year. Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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270 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK

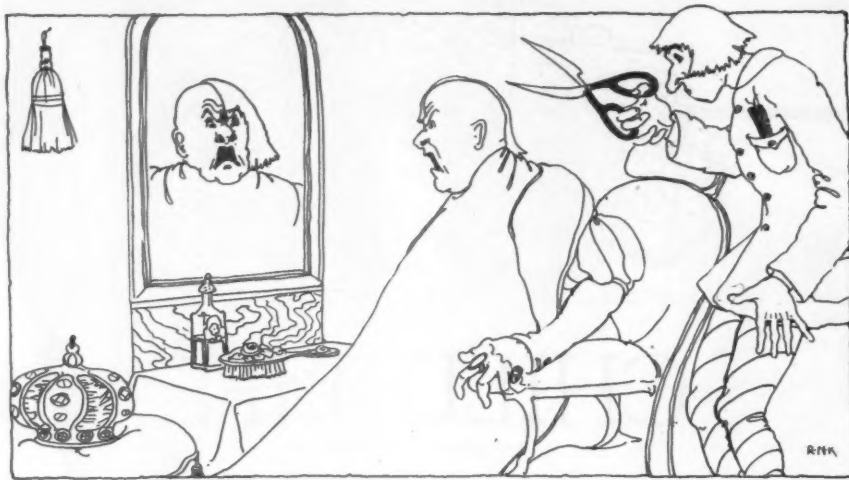


559 Mission Street
SAN FRANCISCO

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The King and the Barber

THERE was once a king who was very particular about his hair and the way it was cut. He watched the barber in the mirror in front of him and told him just how short to cut each hair.

But one day as he sat in the barber's chair the king fell asleep. The barber stood in such awe of the king that he dared not speak but went on cutting until all the hair on one side was cut clean off. When the king awoke he was so angry that he had the barber thrown into prison for the rest of his life.

You will see in the picture above just how the king looked with long brown hair on one side of his head and none on the other. The coverlet which is fastened about his neck is royal purple. The barber is dressed in a blue jacket with trousers striped in red and white just like a barber's pole.



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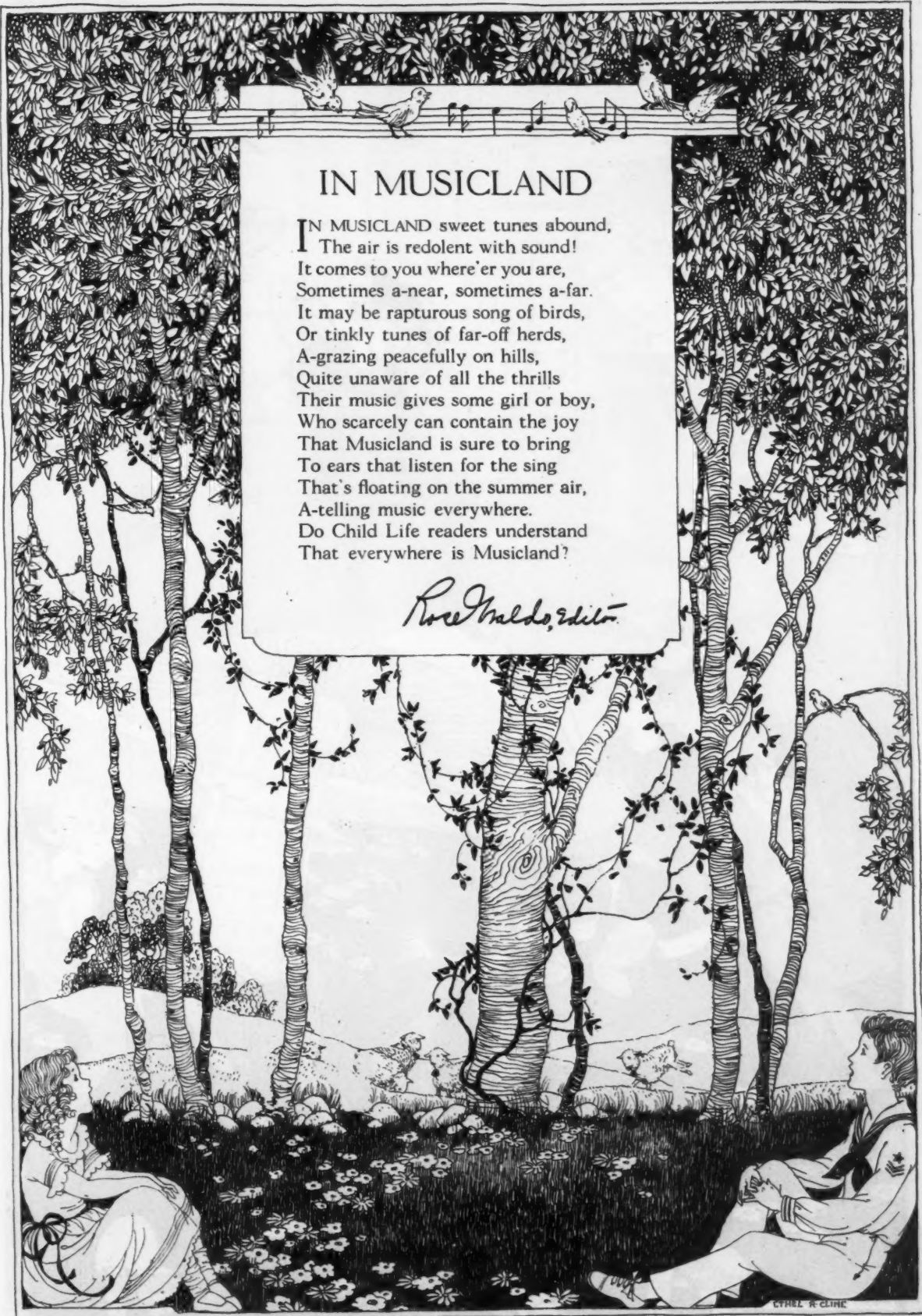
It has 22 pages, with a picture on every page (larger than the one above), and an interesting story which tells you how to color the picture. The book is called "Silent Reading Games for Children," and you will enjoy it. Your mother will like it too, because it explains the method of silent reading as it is used in progressive schools today. Ask her to send 25 cents for a copy, to

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IN MUSICLAND sweet tunes abound,
The air is redolent with sound!
It comes to you where'er you are,
Sometimes a-near, sometimes a-far.
It may be rapturous song of birds,
Or tinkly tunes of far-off herds,
A-grazing peacefully on hills,
Quite unaware of all the thrills
Their music gives some girl or boy,
Who scarcely can contain the joy
That Musicland is sure to bring
To ears that listen for the sing
That's floating on the summer air,
A-telling music everywhere.
Do Child Life readers understand
That everywhere is Musicland?

Rose Waldo, Editor.





MUSIC LESSONS

HELEN WING

I'M TAKING music lessons now; my teacher came today
And sat beside me on a chair and showed me how to play.

At first I pressed my fingers down and then I pressed my thumb
And every time I pushed a note it made the music come.

I learned about a "Do-re-me" and "Fa-sol-la-ti-do"
But when I'd get as far as "fa" my fingers wouldn't go.

My teacher did it nice and fast and never missed a note
And when she played it up and down her hands just seemed
to float.

She says she tried it lots of times before she got it right;
She must have practiced 'most a year and stayed up every
night.

'Cause she can use the pedals without looking at the floor
And she can play the music soft or she can make it roar

Until all up and down your back you feel the shivers crawl
And echoes sort of answer to each other in the hall.

The more she plays the more the roses jiggle on her hat.
I'd give away my turquoise ring if I could play like that!

THE MUSIC CLUB COMPOSERS

By GEORGE H. GARTLAN

Director of Public School Music of New York City

WHAT a glorious summer day!" It was Uncle Jerome speaking, but he was really thinking aloud. "I wish the children were here. How I have missed them!" Lorraine, Bess, Tommy, John and their little friends had been away for two weeks at the seashore. Lorraine's mother had invited Uncle Jerome to spend a weekend at their summer home, and he had been counting the days until the time should arrive.

"Only one more day and I shall take the boat down to the seashore. I can hardly wait to see the children, but my music will keep me company until then." He was thinking of the lovely fragrant flowers in the garden. Gently his fingers stroked the keyboard. He was playing the "Waltz of the Flowers," by Tschaiikowsky. It is from the famous "Nutcracker Suite." (I hope some one will play it for you.) When he finished, he quickly changed to the "Flower Song" from Gounod's Faust. (This is a simple song. I wish you might learn to sing it.) It was very dark in the studio at this time, so Uncle Jerome stopped playing and went out to watch the stars. Tomorrow he would be on his way to see the children.



The excitement of the journey, the beautiful day, the fine boat—all helped to keep him in fine spirits during the trip. It was not long before the steamer was near the dock. The children came running down, waving their hands excitedly.

"Hello, Uncle," called Tommy. He wanted to be the first to greet Uncle Jerome so he hurried a good deal. Lorraine and Bess ran over and put their arms around his neck.

"Did you have a good time, children?"

"Oh yes, and we heard some wonderful music by a great big

band. Many of the tunes we knew well—the ones that you taught us to love."

"We just loved to hear the music of the sea." It was little Bess speaking. (You remember, children, how she told us the story of the "Swan.")

"This afternoon the band is going to play a wonderful number called 'Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster,' by MacDowell, and you must come with us, Uncle Jerome, to hear it."

"Indeed I shall," he answered, "and I shall tell you how he came to write it."

"We have the best place on the rocks right back of the bandstand where we can see and hear the ocean," said Lorraine.

"That is wonderful, children, for the music will seem so very real."

By this time they had reached Lorraine's home. There was her mother, standing on the lawn ready to greet the guest of the music club. It was a happy luncheon party they had, and soon after the meal was over every one walked down to the seashore and got comfortably settled on the side of the cliff, waiting for the band to play. How lovely the ocean looked—the great big waves rolling in slowly and the breakers hitting against the rocks, throwing the spray high in the air!

"Children," said Uncle Jerome, "the American composer, Edward MacDowell, always wrote his music just as he felt it. One day he was looking at the ocean and saw

just what you see now. The one way which he could express it was by great big thunderous chords that crash on the air, just as the water breaks against the rocks. Then there seems to be a quiet place where the sound goes back, just as the water recedes from the shore. I think the band is now ready."

Then clear upon the air came this great crash of chords. Up and down it seemed to go, just like the rise and fall of the sea. Toward the end of the music it grew louder and louder, until the final chord was as loud as the band could play, and as they finished the beautiful music the waves seemed to

strike harder against the rocks and throw the spray higher into the air. Every one felt the thrill of the MacDowell music.

Later in the afternoon the children decided that they would take Uncle Jerome for a walk. Back they went into the fields. Little John was walking close beside him.

"Did you ever see a black sheep?" he asked.

"Yes, my son," answered Uncle Jerome, smiling down at him, "but not very often."

"I have the cutest little fellow over in the field, and I know he loves all children."

Little Bess, however, seemed to have her mind more on the music than the fields. "Do we always have to sit quietly and listen to music, Uncle Jerome?" she asked. "Do you think that some day one of us might learn

enough to compose music of our very own?"

"Yes, my dears, almost anyone can learn to create music. But first you must love it dearly."

"Oh tell us how!" and Bess fairly danced with delight.

"First of all, we must understand rhythm—the value of notes—long tones, short tones, quick tones, slow tones. Then we must learn the sounds of the scales—high tones, low tones and the tones in between."

"I know the scale," said Tommy, and clear and sweet he sang, "Do-ti-la-sol-fa-me-re-do." Uncle Jerome smiled and clapped his hands because he was really proud of Tommy.



"Now, children, if we know the scale we can sing it, but not always as the scale. Who will sing part of the scale for me?"

Lorraine said that she would. Her voice was sweet as she sang, "Do-mi-so-fa-mi-re-do." (See if you can sing what Lorraine sang.) Then little John was called on to sing, and what do you suppose he did? He sang just what Lorraine had sung, only he repeated each scale name and sang twice as fast, "Do, do-mi, mi-so, so-fa, fa-mi, mi-re, re-do—." The last sound was long. (I wonder if you can tell me how long?)

"Now, children, every one loves to write songs. I know that you want to learn, but first you must feel the rhythm of the words."

"Look," said little John, "there's my black sheep over there now."

"Fine," said Uncle Jerome. "Now we can start with the nursery rime you all know. What could be better than

'Baa! Baa! black sheep
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir! Yes, sir!
Three bags full.'

Every one caught the spirit of the rhythm. First, four equal tones—"Baa, baa, black sheep" (all quarter notes). Then four fast notes (eighth notes), and a long note (half note) on "wool." Then equal notes (quarter notes) on to the end, until the last word "full," when they again had a long sound

(half note). (I am sure that all the children who read this story can sing these words just as well as the members of the music club did with Uncle Jerome leading.)

"Now," he said, "who is ready to put a tune to it?" Lorraine said that she knew one. At first she seemed afraid, but soon her voice sounded full and clear. (I cannot write the notes here, but I shall give you the numbers of the notes she sang.)

Baa! Baa! black
1 1 5
sheep
5

Have you any
6 6 6-6
wool?
5

Yes, sir! Yes,
4 4 3
sir!
3

Three bags full.
2 2 1

The children
all clapped their
hands.

"Now we shall
all sing the tune
Lorraine sang."

The little club joined in and I can tell you it was a pretty chorus. (See if you can sing this song. Do not forget the quick notes when you come to the words, "Have you any?")

Uncle Jerome was delighted. "Now each one of you must try to make up a tune," he said. Tommy started, then John, then Bess. Each one sang a different melody and enjoyed doing it. (Now, children, sing your own tune, and if you find it too hard, sing the one Lorraine sang for you.)

The next Mother Goose jingle they tried was "Little Bo Peep." The rhythm of this was very different. Just like a slow dance—



one, two, three; one, two, three; and so on. It all seemed so easy! And it was, because every member of the club loves music.

When the children were happy in their new task, Uncle Jerome tried something different. He said, "I shall sing the first line of a song, and one of you must finish the second line for me." This was just like a game, so he started.

"Even though the sky is gray." His voice was just what children loved to hear, and the tune was so simple that it was easy to make music for the next line.

"The sun will drive the clouds away." What fun it was! (Ask your mothers, fathers, sisters, or brothers to make up the music for the first line, and see if you can make your own tune match the second line, so it will all sound like one song.)

Then Uncle Jerome gave them more words, so that they might try to sing more music. I shall give them to you, and you will know how easy it is to make your own songs. Here they are:

"What makes the world so gay and bright?
The rain has washed it in the night.

"The cow says, 'Clover is a treat,
It makes my milk so rich and sweet.'

"Pretty flowers, do you fly
And make a rainbow in the sky?"

"The busy bee works all the day,
He would rather work than play."

It all seemed very simple and easy.

"Do you know," said

Uncle Jerome, "when Robert Schumann was a little boy, he amused himself by writing music at school instead of doing his regular composition lessons? Unfortunately, he had a very stupid teacher who thought that Robert was wasting his time, and once he punished him. Later on, when he grew up to be a fine man, and every one loved him for his music, he wrote many little piano pieces that he



called 'Scenes from Childhood,' and these little pieces tell us through music just what Schumann loved when he was a little boy in school. There is one called 'The Happy Farmer.' Schumann told his friends that he wrote this song when he was in school, and all the time he was thinking of the fat boy in the class. His name was Franz, and his cheeks were very red—just like an apple. Franz was always happy and laughing. The music always makes me happy. Let us go home and I shall play for you."

(Continued on page 496)

DREAM-FAIRY-DEAR

By ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT

A Go-To-Sleep Story for Wide-Awake Children

ONE evening just as the sun was saying "Good-night," the beautiful moon came riding through the sky.

Dream-Fairy-Dear, who lives in the moon, stepped into her airship made of a fleecy, misty white cloud, and started to the earth.

By and by she came to the home of Little Papoose. He was swinging in his little birchwood and deerskin cradle under a pine tree.

Little Papoose saw Dream-Fairy-Dear in her

beautiful white airship, and said, "Dream-Fairy-Dear, where are you going in your beautiful white airship?"

And Dream-Fairy-Dear whispered, "I am going to the Land of Dreams where birds sing at night, where butterflies can talk, where babies ride ponies and chase the wild deer."

Then Little Papoose said, "Please, Dream-Fairy-Dear, take me with you in your beautiful white airship. I want to hear the

birds sing at night and the butterflies talk, and ride a pony, and chase the wild deer."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled a sweet smile and said,

"You may go with me, Little Papoose, if you will shut your eyes."

So Little Papoose shut his eyes.

Then Dream Fairy-Dear lifted Little Papoose up and up into her airship and on and on they sailed while Dream-Fairy-Dear sang a song of the wind.

By and by they came to

the home of Little Brown Boy. He was playing in the sand by the sea.

Little Brown Boy saw Dream-Fairy-Dear in her beautiful white airship and said, "Dream-Fairy-Dear, where are you going in your beautiful white airship?"

And Dream-Fairy-Dear whispered, "I am going to the Land of Dreams where tigers are kittens, and crocodiles have no teeth, and little boys ride on the elephant's trunk."

Then Little Brown Boy said, "Please, Dream-



Fairy-Dear, take me with you in your beautiful white airship. I want to play with a tiger kitten, and a crocodile without teeth, and ride on the elephant's trunk."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled a sweet smile and said, "You may go with me, Little Brown Boy, if you will shut your eyes."

So Little Brown Boy shut his eyes.

Then Dream-Fairy-Dear lifted Little Brown Boy up and up into her airship and on and on they sailed while Dream-Fairy-Dear sang a song of the wind.

By and by they came to the home of Little Blue Eyes. She was standing by a window playing with her doll.

Little Blue Eyes saw Dream-Fairy-Dear in her beautiful, white airship and said, "Dream-Fairy-Dear, where are you going in your beautiful, white airship?"

And Dream-Fairy-Dear whispered, "I am going to the Land of Dreams where dolls never break, toys grow out of the ground and caramels and fudge grow on trees."

Then Little Blue Eyes said, "Please, Dream-Fairy-Dear, take me with you in your beautiful, white airship. I want a doll

that will never break, some toys that grow out of the ground, and I want to pick caramels and fudge from the trees."

Dream-Fairy-Dear smiled a sweet smile and said, "You may go with us, Little Blue Eyes, if you will shut your eyes."

So Little Blue Eyes shut her eyes. Then Dream-Fairy-Dear lifted Little Blue Eyes up and up into her airship and on and on they sailed while Dream-Fairy-Dear sang a song of the wind.

By and by they came to the Land of Dreams.

Little Pa-poose heard the birds sing at night; heard the butterfly talk, and rode all around on

a pony, and chased the wild deer.

Little Brown Boy played with a tiger kitten, a crocodile without teeth, and rode on the elephant's trunk.

Little Blue Eyes found a doll that will never break, some toys growing out of the ground and picked caramels and fudge from the trees.

So they stayed and stayed and played and played in the Land of Dreams

ALL NIGHT LONG.

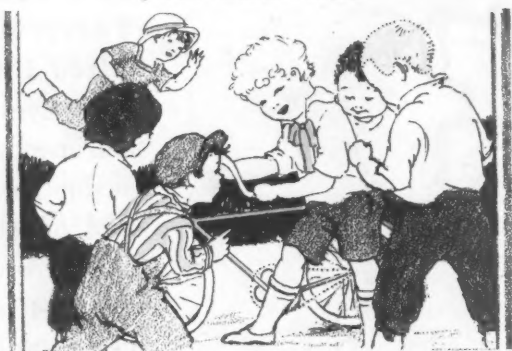


JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

There was much excitement in the neighborhood when Pudgy's new bicycle came. "Yoohoo, Pudgy has a bike!" He was very proud indeed to find himself the center of attraction—

JUST LIKE THIS



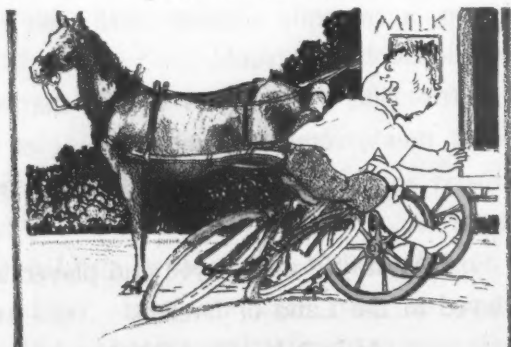
Every one was so anxious to hold him or run along to catch him when he fell. Each one of them really was expecting to get a ride in return for his services—

JUST LIKE THIS



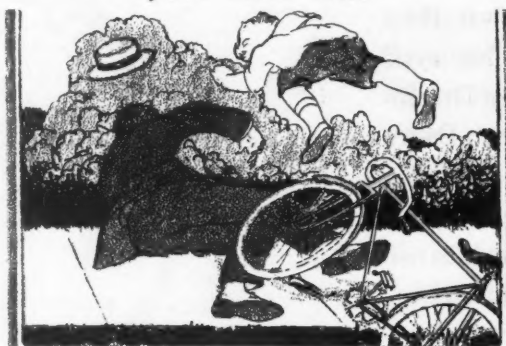
After Bud ran all morning with him he was able to go alone. But when he saw that Bud wasn't holding him he ran right into an innocent milk wagon—

JUST LIKE THIS



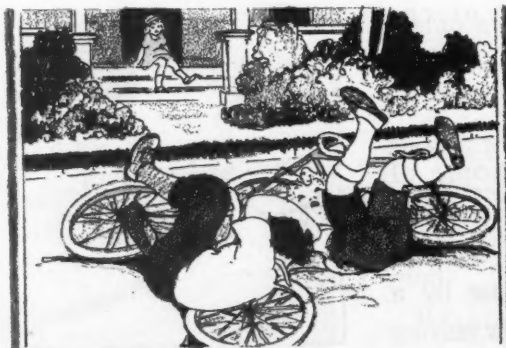
When he was going nicely again he saw his father coming home. Without a bit of warning the bike dashed up on the sidewalk, upsetting them both very much—

JUST LIKE THIS



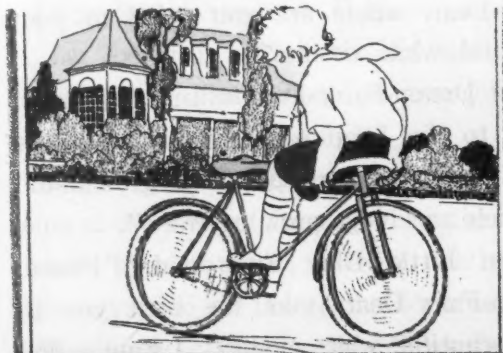
When Pudgy seemed able to stay on the street, Bud took his big brother's bike and they rode past Sunshine's house to "make a hit." They made it—

JUST LIKE THIS



One day Zingo, the Elf, appeared and showed Pudgy how to conquer his "iron horse." From that time people didn't run when they saw him coming, even when he rode—

JUST LIKE THIS





THE MUTT

By PATTEN BEARD

*Author of The Jolly Book of Playcraft, The Jolly Book of Boxcraft,
Marjorie's Literary Dolls, The Good Crow's Happy Shop, etc.*

IT WAS the Saturday that Billy Peters exhibited his seven-toed cat in the tent he put up in his father's vacant lot. That was the day Bobby Hayes found the Mutt.

To begin with, Bobby had wanted to act as barker for the cat-show but Billy wouldn't let him. So he had wandered down toward the creek where he hung listlessly over the bridge watching the muddy current. It was while there that he saw something at the rim of the stream—something making toward the shore with difficult strokes. It was a dog. Bobby ran down to the shore and the dog swam toward him. He had a rope about his neck. He was a half-grown puppy. Somebody had tried to drown him and the stone that was weighted on the other end of the rope had worked loose. He certainly was a homely pup!

But as he lay draggled and muddy at Bobby's feet, he wagged a thin white plume of wet tail. There was something so friendly about it that Bobby loved him—even if he was homely. He had always wanted a dog—always!

The dog was very wet. They stood together upon the bank making friends. The

puppy looked wistfully at Bobby Hayes. "I want to belong to you," he seemed to say. And he followed Bobby up the bank. When any dog does that—well, you know how it is. Bobby simply had to take him along. He caught hold of the cord tied to the puppy's neck while again the dog shook himself free of muddy water and looked lovingly up at him. Bobby Hayes had a heart.

"Gee," he said. "You're some dog, you are, though you are a mutt. I always wanted a dog. Now you're mine—see!" And he patted the muddy curls of the mutt's head and scratched thoughtfully and delightfully behind the puppy's wet ears. "I'll call you Mutt," he said. "Now, come on! You can be my exhibit an' I'll call you The Funniest Dog in the World—only you mustn't mind *that*. I'll get Granny to give me a bone for you when we get home."

Whether or not the Mutt understood all of this is to be doubted, but he well understood the pats Bobby Hayes had given him and he was quick to respond. There was needed no cord to make him follow his master. He trotted with a strange sideways trot close to Bobby's heels as Bobby went up the street. "Somebody threw me away, but *you* found



me," his long tail seemed to say. It wagged as he trotted, and there was a bit of white at the tip of it that waved like a pennant.

"Come on, Mutt," ordered Bobby as they reached the corner and turned down toward the vacant lot. "I won't let 'em hurt you, you know. You got to be good to the cat there—see! She's got claws, mind you! And she thinks she's the whole show. So does Billy Peters. Say, Bill," he called as they came to the vacant lot where the tent stood. "Bill, come on here! Look at my dog! What say we make him my exhibit?"

"That dog!" echoed Billy Peters. "No, sir! Don't you bring him in here; he'd scare the cat. What would we want him for? You keep out of here with him!"

It was almost exactly what Bobby Hayes' Granny said when the two of them appeared at the back door of the rather tumble-down old house that was "home." What she said was, "Look out! Don't let that dog into the house! Where did you get him?"

She looked down at Bobby Hayes through the wire mesh of the screen-door of the back porch, and there was hostility in Granny Hayes' eye as she regarded Mutt. "Take him right away!"

"Granny!" cried Bobby Hayes. "Oh, please! Please! He's my dog!"

"That dog!" sniffed Granny Hayes! "Who said you could have a dog? The idea!" But her manner softened a bit and she smiled at Bobby, still eying the Mutt with disfavor. "Bobby," she said, "we can't keep a dog—even a good dog. It's hard enough for Granny to get things for you to eat, let alone a dog!"

"He came to me," said Bobby simply, taking the puppy in his arms while the Mutt's tail beat a rhythmic tattoo upon his brown blouse. "He wanted me—an' I *always* wanted a dog!"

"But such a lookin' dog!" sniffed Granny.

"I don't care—not if he is the funniest dog in the world," and he let the puppy lick his hand with a little red



tongue while the tail continued to wag.

Granny went away and came back with a saucer of milk. "Guess you can have this, Bobby," she said. "We'll see about keeping him. I don't want him in the house."

So Bobby kept the Mutt in a shed in the backyard. His bed was a soap-box with some rags for a mattress. Granny never said anything more about him, excepting once when Mutt got into the house, somehow insinuating his nose between the screen-door and its sash. Nobody saw him. He just sneaked upstairs and got onto the best bed and lay there till Granny happened to come into the room and found him curled up against the white pillows



she had washed and ironed. There were muddy paw-marks on the spread, too! When he saw her, he jumped up and dashed for the door. He hid under the porch all that afternoon and refused to come out till after Bobby had come back from his paper route. Then he wiggled out, tail between his legs, and crouched beside Bobby.

"It's no use!" Granny declared heatedly. "That dog's got to go!"

It was the end of everything. What did that fool dog ever go and do *that* for when he might have stayed if he had behaved! Bobby tried to see the way out—but he knew Granny. "Say—say, Granny," he coaxed. "I want to tell you somethin'! Say, listen, Granny!

Now, don't get mad—I want to tell you somethin': I know he oughtn't to 've done it but—say, Granny, he was a *smart* dog just to know which was the best bed and the nicest pillows an' all! Don't you think he was *smart*?"

But Granny only grunted. "Maybe," she assented. "But we can't have such smart dogs 's that making trouble."

Nevertheless, the Mutt stayed on that night, though he did not come out of the shed and remained invisible to Granny. Granny was working over the wash-tub in which lay the best spread. There was something like street grease in the marks that the Mutt's feet

had made and the tracks went right across the spread! Bobby tiptoed across the kitchen while her back was bent over the tub. He carried a slice of dry bread purloined from the table. It was for the Mutt's supper. That was all he had.

"You went and did it, you did!" he greeted the Mutt. "I'm sure I don't know what I'm goin' to do about it! You ought t' 've been so smart as to know *not* to do it! 'Taint any use your wagging your tail be-cause I can't say anything! You've got to go, Mutt! I know you just got to go!"

"Is that dog gone?" Granny inquired when they locked the door that night.

"He's in his box in the shed.

Please, Granny!" Bobby's eyes were wistful.

"Well, you must take him off tomorrow. I can't have things ruined in the house on account of that dog. I'm all worn out with working over that spread. It was the only good thing I had. I'll *never* get another!"

He said nothing but he lay awake wondering what he could do with the Mutt next day. To turn away anybody that loved you as much as that dog did! It was cruel. Yet Granny was right—he did have a way of bringing bones into the kitchen and making muddy tracks. And he *would* open the screen-door! And it *was* hard to find food for him often when there wasn't any too much for two.



And nobody would take him as a gift, not even Billy Peters. He was too homely—plumb homely, though, of course if you loved him, you didn't mind *that*. He was such a clever dog! Already he had learned to sit up and beg. And he could give his paw.

"Bobby!" It was Granny's voice that came through the darkness. He saw her standing like a shadow at his door. "Did you have a bad dream? Was that you crying?"

Bobby's voice came muffled through his pillow. "I ain't," he denied. "I was awake. No. I am not crying!" but he knew he was and he knew why, too.

And, to make matters worse, there was Mutt, as soon as the door was unlocked in the morning, and he squeezed through the screen door while Granny was cooking the oatmeal and got right in front of her feet so that she tipped the pan and dropped it. It fell with a terrible noise to the floor and Mutt managed not to be scalded. He would have eaten up the half-cooked cereal and cleaned up the floor with his tongue only that Granny waved him away with threatening arms till he fled to safe refuge under the back porch.

In the morning there was the paper route. Bobby went early before breakfast. It was while he was away that all this happened. It was just as he was coming around the corner that he saw Mutt go under the porch and he knew something *else* had happened. It didn't need to be explained. There was Granny with no oatmeal for breakfast that day. Bobby ate bread and drank thin cocoa. Granny said she didn't want any breakfast. That oatmeal was the last there was in the box. There couldn't be more till Bobby got his next paper money. It was due, fortunately, tonight.

He went to school, leaving Mutt still under the porch. One of the boys gave him a bit of ham from a sandwich that noon at school

and Bobby wrapped it in a piece of newspaper he picked up from the ground. As he did so, his eyes caught at something in print. It said,

PRIZE OFFERED FOR THE HOMELIEST DOG and as Bobby read, it seemed to fit Mutt exactly! It was *The Standard* that was doing it to get a newspaper story. They called it The Alley Dog Show. Anybody who wanted could bring a dog around to the office of *The Standard* and try for the prize. The dog had to be tied and muzzled in some way. It was—it was—this very afternoon! Why hadn't Bobby noticed the headlines or heard about it—well, it was luck anyhow that he had seen it *now*!

Mutt had been staying under the porch waiting for Bobby to come home. Granny wasn't in sight. Bobby didn't even think to clean up or to do anything but grab that dog and rush down the street with him. They had to stop near the corner of *The Standard's* office to comply with contest requirements. Panting, Bobby thrust the ham into the Mutt's eager red mouth—and it was gone. He had to make a noose from some cord in his pocket and tie the Mutt's nose tight. And then he made a ring for his neck and a bit of a leash. From there on, he began to meet other boys with other dogs, and even men and dogs, and women and little girls. There were mongrels of all sorts: little dogs, big dogs, thin dogs, fat dogs, curly dogs, short-haired dogs. The Mutt would have fought them all, if he had had any chance. It was bedlam in that big room in *The Standard's* office while the judges went about looking at the dogs. Here and there they stopped. Then they weeded out the homeliest of the alley dogs and made them stand apart with their owners while the camera man took a picture. The Mutt was in it. He had gone *that far*!

The judges went apart to talk it over.

(Continued on page 497)





THE CHINA DOLL

By LUCY ELIZABETH JONES

BETSY WASHBURN was standing by the window crying. That was unusual, for Betsy seldom cried. But today it seemed that she just had to. And what little girl wouldn't if her mother and daddy were in far-away California, and she a long distance from home, with Grandfather and Grandmother Ramsey on an isolated ranch in northern Minnesota?

Grandmother was in the living room, knitting a warm comforter for Grandfather. But her ears were sharp, and hearing Betsy's sobs, she dropped her knitting and hurried to her.

"Bless your heart, Betsy, I know just how you feel," Grandmother said as she kissed her. "Now dry those tears, for I have a perfectly splendid plan."

Betsy obeyed instantly, her eyes wide with interest.

"There's a small horsehair trunk under the eaves in the garret, in which you will find

many of the clothes of your great-great-grandmother, my mother, and some of my own clothes," Grandmother added. "I will give you the key to the trunk, and you may dress up in all the clothes that you find. Only be sure you do not fall down those garret steps. They are so steep!"

"All right, Grandma, I'll be careful," Betsy promised, her face now wreathed in smiles, "and thank you so much. I'll really and truly try not to cry any more."

"I know you will, dear. Here is the key. Now run along and play."

Betsy reached the garret and immediately began a search through the trunk. She came upon an organdie dress much befrilled and

flounced, and under this a pair of cotton stockings and black slippers that resembled the ballet slippers she used at school.

Hastily slipping into the pretty garment, she smiled at herself in the cracked mirror hanging on the garret wall. The dress certainly



was very different from the ones she wore but much prettier, Betsy thought, with its fluffiness and dainty handwork.

"A box of old daguerreotypes," she exclaimed eagerly, as she lifted the lid of a small box tucked into a corner of the old trunk. Here she found the pictures of her great-grandmother and of her great-great-grandmother, taken when she was a little girl about Betsy's age. Betsy liked that one especially, for it showed a little old-fashioned girl in a dress far more beautiful than the one she now had on.

She again surveyed herself in the mirror with quite a pleased air. "I look exactly like Great-great-grandmother," she said. "Surely there must be a dress to match this picture."

And, accordingly, she again dove into the trunk in search of the dress. At last, after examining six others, she found it, but it was even more beautiful than the picture revealed. And that was not all. By the side of this gorgeous costume lay a pair of embroidered silk mitts, more beautiful than any Betsy had ever dreamed existed.

With eager fingers she slipped into the dress and fastened the hooks and eyes. A mischievous smile flitted over her face as she gaily danced a few steps of the minuet.

Looking into the trunk again, she spied a long, oddly-shaped bundle which she took out and quickly undid, displaying the strangest doll she had ever seen. Its head was almost as large as Betsy's; the body was cloth, but very small for so large a head. A surprising



thing was the weight of the doll, which she decided was due to the extremely large head. Another peculiarity was the unusual hardness of the body. Whatever the stuffing, it certainly was hard.

"I guess I'll take this doll down to Grandma and ask her where it came from," she mused. Holding the doll in one hand, and picking up her trailing skirts in the other she carefully descended the stairs. She found Grandmother in the living room, still knitting.

"Why, Betsy," exclaimed Grandma, "you look exactly like my grandmother's picture in the attic!"

"Do you truly think so, Grandma?" Betsy held the strange doll out to her as she spoke. "I thought so too, and—and—whose doll is this?"

"Why, Betsy, I'd forgotten all about that old doll! You may not know it, but when I was a child, I, with my father, mother and two brothers, lived in Eastport, Maine. About that time a rumor went around that a pirate treasure was hidden on our farm. One day my two brothers took their lunch with them and started on an all day's treasure hunt. After hours of tiresome, fruitless search, the boys sat down under a tree to rest before starting

for home. While lying on the ground looking up into the leafy boughs above, Jack noticed a number of the limbs had strange marks on them. He climbed the tree to see the markings closer, and he found them again on the trunk, higher than a man's head. He called



my brother to examine them, too, and they decided that these must be the marks the pirates put there to show where they had buried the treasure.

"When they reached the ground, they both began digging with a will and after much throwing of dirt Don struck something hard. Together he and Jack pulled it out. It proved to be an iron box securely fastened. There was no key, and after much difficulty they broke it open with the spades."

Here Grandmother stopped.

"Oh, Grandmother! What did they find in the box?"

"Well, dear, I am sorry to disappoint you," Grandma said. "But I am sure you won't be any more disappointed than Jack and Don were, for all they found in the box was this big, clumsy doll that you found in the attic."

For a moment Betsy was speechless. "Grandma, was that *all* they found in the box?"

"Yes."

"What a funny thing for pirates to hide! Wasn't there anything else?"

"No," Grandma replied, "we never knew any more about it then than we do now. Of course the boys were disgusted, and they were going to throw the doll away, when they remembered that I had few dolls and how dearly I loved them. So they brought it home to me."

"After a time, I decided I was too grown-up to play with dolls and I put her away in that trunk. When Grandfather and I came out here, I brought the trunk with me, and it has



remained in the garret ever since."

"Grandma, that was ever so nice a story! Did Mamma ever play with this doll?"

"Yes, I think she has, quite a few times. But as she had so many dolls, this one never seemed to appeal to her, probably on account of its ugliness. And then it is such a heavy, clumsy old thing," and Grandma took the doll in her own hands as if to assure herself of its weight and clumsiness.

"Now I will go up to the garret and change my clothes so I can set the table for you, Grandma," said Betsy.

"All right, dear, take the doll and run along and I'll go in and tend to the dinner."

As Betsy ascended the stairs, she was not quite so careful as she should have been, perhaps, for on the third step she tripped on the long skirt. Falling backwards, she clutched wildly at the wall. In sav-

ing herself, she lost her hold on the doll which

fell to the floor with a clatter and crash.

Betsy, regaining her footing, turned to look at the doll. She could scarcely retrace her steps for excitement. Grandma, having heard the noise, came rushing in.

"Did you fall, Betsy?" she asked anxiously.

"No, Grandma, but look, I've broken the doll!"

And Grandma looked and Betsy looked! And wonder

of wonders! It was just the same doll, of course, but the fall had split her head open and out of it had fallen a stream of rubies, emeralds, diamonds and all manner of precious stones.

"The pirates!" said both at once. In



(Continued on page 501)

THE GIVEN-AWAY BIRTHDAY

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the Betty Wales Series, the Nancy Lee Series, etc.

ISN'T it fortunate," said Dolly one day in late July, "that my birthday comes in August, when there isn't any other holiday? Why, if it wasn't for my birthday, we'd have nothing to celebrate all summer!"

"What kind of party are you going to have?" asked Dick. "Do have an exciting one!"

"Yes," agreed Dolly, "and I want it diff'rent from all the other ones. Mother will think it up, won't you, Mommie?"

Mother promised, and Dick and Dolly rode off with Father and the milk cans as far as the Corners, just as they had done every morning for a week, and would do every morning for a week more—so long as the ten Fresh Air children from the city stayed.

The Fresh Air children lived in a camp at the Corners. Their tents were in the sugar wood back of Jack Thompson's, and his mother and George Jones's grandmother cooked the children's meals and looked after them. The whole neighborhood, grown-ups and children both, was interested in the camp and anxious that the Fresh Air children should enjoy their vacation. So some of the neighborhood children spent the mornings entertaining their little guests, and others took the afternoons. Dick and Dolly were both in the morning shift.

It was fun to help entertain the Fresh Airs,

because nine of them—five boys and four girls—were so jolly and comical, and, not being used to country life, did and said such funny things. But the tenth Fresh Air child (a girl) was not jolly or comical or amusing, and you couldn't help her to enjoy her holiday, because she *didn't* enjoy it and she *wouldn't* enjoy it. She thought the country was too still, and awfully, awfully lonesome. She was sure the tall grass was full of snakes. She was afraid of cows. She *knew* there was a bear in the wood, and anyway the wood was just creepy! So most of the time she sat with her feet tucked up under her (because of snakes and worms and other such things) on the Jones's back steps, while the rest of the children fished and picked wild strawberries and learned to milk and rode on the hay and hunted eggs and climbed trees and went off on picnics.

This morning Dolly, who was feeling specially happy, with a birthday coming, noticed the forlorn Fresh Air child

sitting, as usual, alone on the step, and went over to her.

"Don't you want to come and swing?" said Dolly.

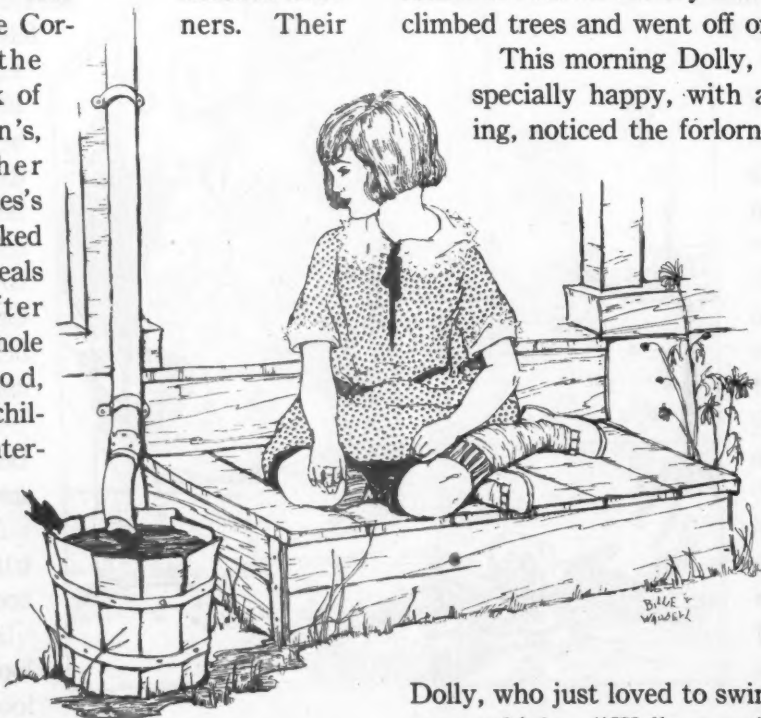
The child shook her head. "Makes me feel sick," she said.

"Oh!" said

Dolly, who just loved to swing up-to-the-sky-ever-so-high. "Well, we might go wading."

"The stones hurt my feet too much," said the child.

Dolly felt just like saying, "You're a regular mollycoddle!" But the little girl was company, and then she was so pale and so



thin and she looked so tired and so unhappy, that Dolly didn't say it. Instead she sat down on the step and tried to be sociable. "Let's tell things," she began. "My name's Dolly. What's yours?"

"Jane," said the sad one. "Jane Wallace. I'm eight."

"I'm 'most seven," said Dolly proudly.

"My birthday is the second of August and I'm going to have a party. When is your birthday?"

"December twenty-fourth."

"Goodness!" said Dolly. "I should think you'd be too busy seeing about the stockings to have one, and the other children would be too busy to come."

Jane stared solemnly at Dolly. "Have what?" she asked. "Come where?"

"Why, have a party, of course," said Dolly. "Don't you have a party on your birthday?"

Jane tossed her head. "No," she said, "I never did. We don't have parties very much in New York."

"Well, I guess I've got cousins living in New York," boasted Dolly, "and they have birthday parties—*always!* They've told me so. No, I'm sure the reason you don't have a party is 'cause your birthday comes on such a queer day, when your mother's too busy fixing for your Christmas to see about anything else."

The sad one looked off across the field to the dark wood that frightened her. "I haven't a mother," she explained. "I live with a lady. She never asked me about my

birthday. Johnny—that's her little boy—had a five-year party last April. It was lovely. I helped wait on table."

Dolly sat very still on the step and thought. Then she went into the house and found Jack's mother and whispered something.

"Why, yes, dear," said Jack's mother, "that would be splendid. I'm pretty sure your mother would be willing."

So Dolly went out again and told Jane.

"I'm going to give you my birthday this time. The party will be yours, and the present that my mother and father always give me, and cutting the cake, and—and everything. My mother and I will make the party for you.

But before we tell the others, I must talk it over with my mother, to be sure it's all right."

That afternoon Jane and Polish Marie walked up from the Corners to Dolly's house.

"I wanted to see if it was all right about the birthday," Jane told Dolly's mother, when she came to the door.

"Yes, of course, it's all right," said Mother.

"The birthday is

Dolly's, and if she wants to give it away, she can. It comes next week Tuesday, and you must be choosing the seven children that you want to invite. Seven, because it's a seventh birthday."

Jane smiled up at Dolly's mother. She hadn't smiled before, since she came to the Fresh Air camp.

"Dick and Dolly are out in the orchard climbing trees," said Mother. "Want to go out and play there?"



"She too scared to climb up," said Marie, nodding at Jane.

"I never tried to," Jane corrected her friend. "Maybe I won't be scared. Let's go!"

"It was very hard to choose the seven to ask to the party. All the children were interested in the given-away birthday, and they kept talking about it to Jane.

"Jane, when is your birthday anyhow?"

"Are you 'most seven now, Jane? I thought you said you were eight and a half. You can't be both, you know."

"Will the party be down here or up at Dolly's?"

"Will you ask me, Jane?"

Jane liked all the fuss and fun and excitement and mystery. And be-

cause she wanted to talk about her party, she began to romp and play with the other children, and she stopped being afraid of all the strange country things that she wasn't used to and really began to enjoy her vacation. The day before the party she chose the seven guests: the four other Fresh Air girls, Dick, Dolly and Harriet.

"I don't know as I want to go," said Dick. "I'll be the only boy."

"No, you won't," said Father, "because I'm going. Mother and I are extras. It's going to be an exciting party, so you'd better come along."

When all the guests had come, Mother explained something more about the party. "It's going to be a picnic-party," she said, "up on the hill where the Christmas trees grow. Everybody has something to carry."

The things to carry were all done up in paper, so you couldn't see what they were. Nearly all had to be handled carefully.

"This one," Mother would say, "you must

carry right side up. And this one mustn't be joggled. And that one you must try to keep out of the sun."

With so many things to be careful about, it took a good while to get up the hill.

"Think you'll find a bear up in the woods today, Jane?" asked Dick, just to tease.

"No!" said Jane, blushing very red.

"I'm the one who knows what we'll find," said Father. "That is, you can find it if you're good hunters."

"What?" cried everybody at once.

"Well," said Father, "I may as well tell you while we're climbing the hill. Dick and Dolly wanted Jane's party to be exciting, you see, and different from the regular kind of party. So Mother planned a picnic, and I planned a nest hunt. When I was a boy, we children used to like hunting for nests, and I thought Jane and her city friends would like to

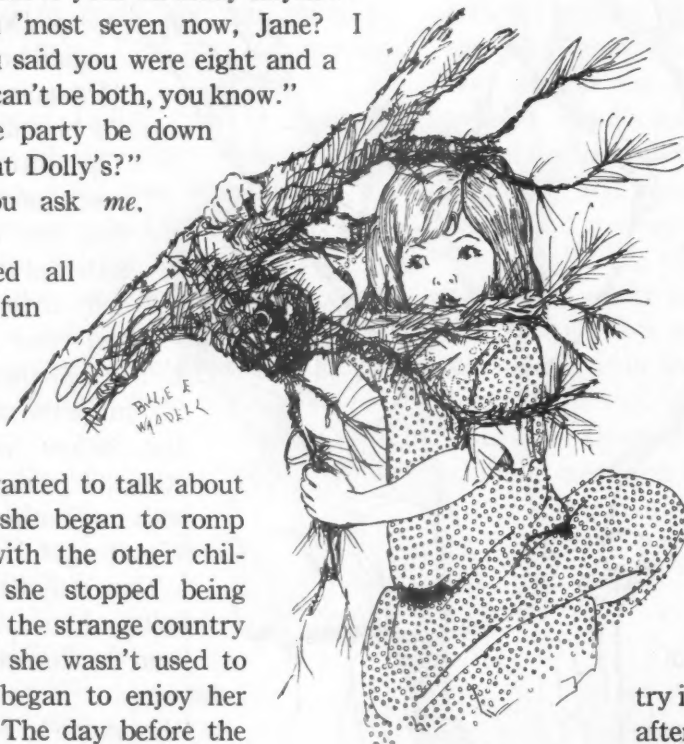
try it. But the nest we're going after is so small and so well hidden that I'm sure you three

country children haven't seen it either.

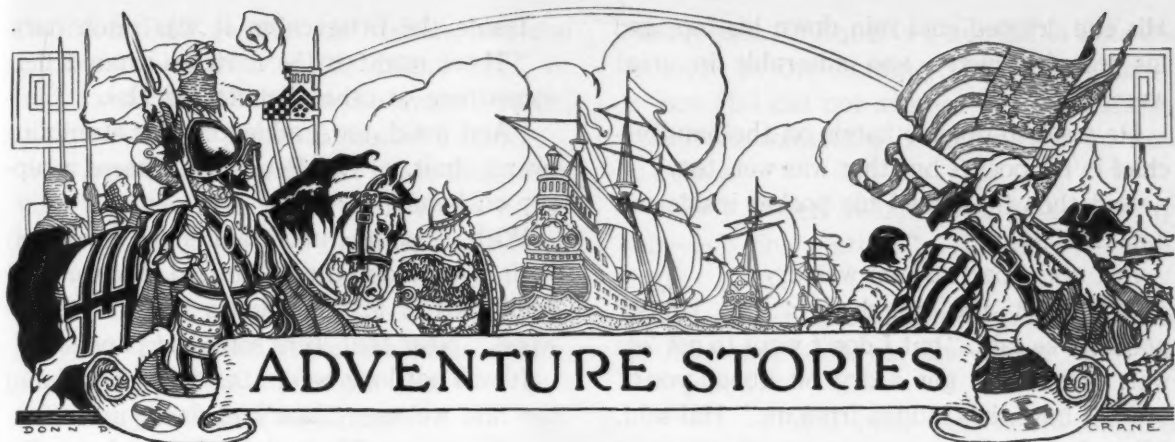
"It's not the very smallest that we have around here; that's the humming bird's. But next to it comes the golden-crowned kinglet's. Who's seen a kinglet?"

"Oh, I have," cried Dick. "It's smaller even than a wren. It's gray, with white stripes on its wings and a gold topknot on its head, and its song is the tiniest, highest little squeak of a noise. We saw one, Father, the day we came up here hunting for the calves that ran away."

"Yes," said Father, "and I looked around then for a nest, but I didn't see one. I found one, though, last month, with baby birds in it. They'll have flown by now, but the nest is worth seeing. It's always made of green



(Continued on page 500)



THE SEA VICTORS

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Author of *365 Bedtime Stories*, *Daddy's Bedtime Animal Stories*, etc., etc.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I

Bobby and Hal were great friends. Bobby's ambition had always been to be the Funny Man in the movies—some day. Hal wanted to be known as a Strong Man. One afternoon they went sailing together and were caught out in a terrific storm. As the roaring, seething waves boomed over the boat and pitched it this way and that, the boys made for Old Pete's island.

PART II

FOR a moment or two the fury of the wind lessened. Closer and closer the two boys came to the island—closer and closer. Straining every muscle they were now able to make a landing. A moment later they were pushing their way against the rain and wind toward Old Pete's cabin.

The island was not very big, but in the darkness and the rain they had a hard time finding their way. Sometimes the wind was so strong, they had to clutch a tree to keep from being blown in the opposite direction.

"He's almost always here at this time of the year," Hal said.

"But there's no light," Bobby answered, "and now I think of it, I believe he was in town this morning."

"Well, he'd be back by now surely."

"Unless he saw the storm coming."

"No one could have seen that storm coming. It came faster than any I've ever seen and they come pretty fast too. That was down on us in a minute."

They were at the cabin now. Only when they were close to it could they make it out. They knocked loudly, but no answer came.

"He's not here," Bobby said. "Can you find the latch?"

"No, have you got any matches?"

"Yes!" shouted Bobby. They would save the day as far as it could be saved, he

thought. The water was trickling down his back, inside his collar. His hands were wet; it seemed they could never be dry again.



His cap dripped cold rain down his face and his feet felt heavy and miserable in great water-filled boots.

He tried to dry his hands on the handkerchief in his pocket but that was wet, too.

And then he turned his pocket inside out and tried that.

But not a part of him was dry.

"I've got the matches in my trouser pocket," he said, "but I don't want to get 'em wet. Have you got a dry bit about you?"

"If I have, it's hidden from me," Hal said. "But I guess you can manage if you just strike it quickly on the under side of this railing here—just so we can get an idea where the latch is. Old Pete never locks it."

Bobby struck the first match. He found he only had three. The first one flickered and went out.

He tried the second and just as it was flaring up a stream of water from the ridge of his cap trickled down over it.

He gave Hal the third to try but the top weakly fell off and lost itself somewhere in the water-drenched earth.

"Maybe he's asleep. Let's knock again," Bobby suggested.

Their cold, wet hands beat against the cabin door. And between knocks they felt for the latch. How stupid not to find it! It was a small, black latch, they knew, for they had visited the old hunter many a time.

The wind was blowing now with a terrible, wild, mad disregard for everything save the intensity of its own angry power.

"I have it!" Bobby shouted, and opened the door.

Inside the little cabin it was pitch dark. "There ought to be matches around here somewhere or other," muttered Hal.

"And wood, too," added Bobby, stumbling over a chair. "Old Pete always keeps a supply on hand."

With sloshing, uncertain steps they felt their way about the cabin and discovered a whole box of matches and a big pile of firewood. Near that were some old papers.

It was not long before the fire was laid and the first welcome blaze had flared up.

They lighted the lamp on the old wooden table in the center of the room and stretched out their hands before the fire.

"Gee!" Hal murmured contentedly. "Gee!"

"I don't wonder some of 'em talk as they do about the sea," said Bobby. "Of all the treacherous, tricky, old things in this world, there is nothing like the sea to beat 'em all. Why, she no more cares for a human being than she does for a bit of driftwood. All the same to her."

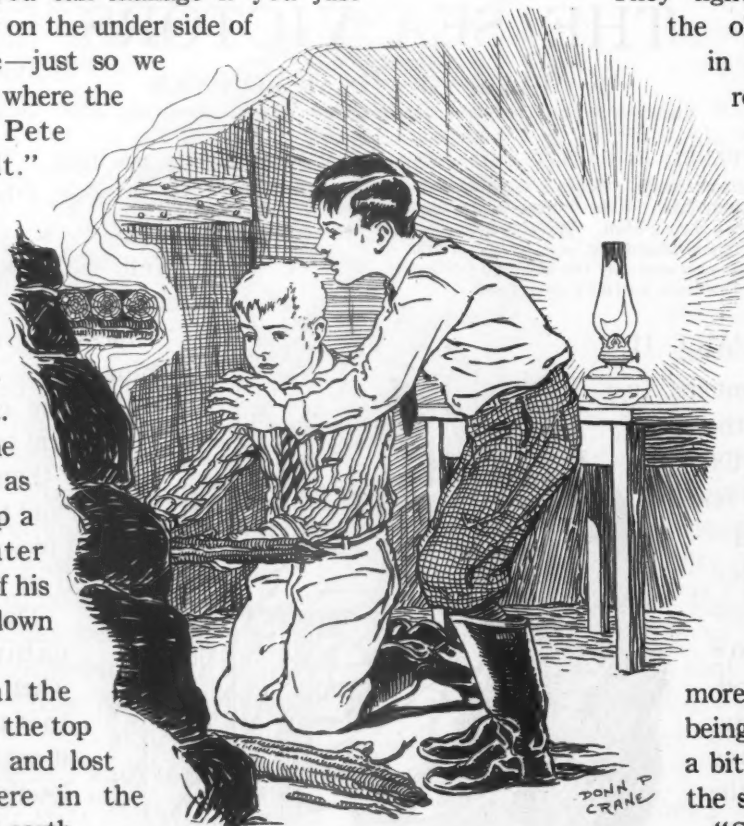
"Still," Hal said, "she did let us make this island."

"Yes," agreed Bobby, "and she can be great at times, too." Wet and miserable though he was, he smiled as he thought of some of those times.

"I say we change," Bobby suggested. "Pete always has plenty of old stuff around, and he'd like us to make ourselves at home."

Hal took off his dripping coat and hung it over the back of his chair, close to the fire.

The cabin had one room in which Old Pete lived and slept. There was one corner of it



partitioned off so that his visitors had one guest room—if it could be called that. In addition to the cot there was a wash-bowl and pitcher—and as a special touch—a mirror.

In here Pete kept an old chest filled with his wardrobe. He was a guide and a fisherman and a camper and when he was not off on a camping party this was his home. Here every one was welcome. The only rule was that no one should leave the place empty. There must always be some food and enough wood for a good fire. That was the only return any one must make.

For the place must always be ready to offer shelter and hospitality such as it was. On this point Old Pete was clear.

There were many accounts given in the town of the fisherman who had stayed at Old Pete's for a week or more and had left without so much as bringing in a stick of wood for the next visitor, and of what Old Pete had said to him later.

The boys now took off their clothes and rubbed themselves down with an old towel. Then they dressed themselves in strange-fitting trousers and sweaters, and sat down again before the fire.

"I guess you'd make a hit," Hal said, "if you wore a get-up like that in the pictures. You're funny enough now without doing a thing."

They both laughed a little shakily, each trying to keep up the courage of the other.

"We'd better be having supper," Hal said after a moment.

They found eggs and bacon, a little package of tea, sugar, condensed milk, a bowl of apples and some tins of soup and vegetables.

"Enough to last us for a day or two,"

Bobby said. "But I've a hunch Old Pete will be back in the morning," he added quickly.

But Hal did not answer. He was staring fixedly at something he had picked up from the floor.

Bobby looked at him in surprise. "Why, wh—at's the matter?" His voice shook a little.

For answer Hal handed him the postcard in his hand. The one-line scrawl stood out plainly.

"Will meet you at Kensington, Thursday. Bring a month's supplies. W. G."

"It's addressed to Pete and dated yesterday," said Hal.

"And that means—"

"Pete'll be gone for quite a spell, I guess," finished Bobby, as he tried to swallow the lump in his throat together with the scrambled eggs.

Neither of the boys dared to express the thoughts that were uppermost in their minds.

"Gee, a fire feels good when the rain comes pouring down like that," said

Hal, trying to make conversation.

But in spite of the fire they shivered, for the rain seemed to send its chill right through them by its steady beating on the roof.

Both boys lapsed into silence. Only the wind outside the cabin lifted its voice, mockingly reminding them that the island was a lonely one, that their boat was probably wrecked, that—

Still they were safe; though between them and home lay an angry expanse of sea.





THE SLEEPING MOUNTAIN

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR

Member of U. S. Board of Indian Commissioners

ONE afternoon Mo-tai was sleeping by the fire when a great noise awakened him. Mo-tai was so curious to see what made this noise that he rolled right out of the door without stopping to stand up.

Do you think that was too hard for a little boy to do? It would be if it were a house like yours or mine, with a hard floor inside and harder stone steps on the outside. But Mo-tai is a little Ute Indian boy, and his house—which he calls a wickiup—is very much like a tent. The walls are of canvas cloth and the floor is just the bright sparkling sand that spreads all over the desert country where Mo-tai lives.

There were no stone steps to get in Mo-tai's way; and when he rolled out of the wickiup into the bright sunshine, he saw a most exciting scene! His own little dog Tonto, and two of Tonto's brothers, were having a great fight with two big stranger dogs. They were all so mixed up, and moving around so fast, as they snapped and barked and jumped and bit, that Mo-tai was not at all sure how many there were in the heap. Mo-tai's big brother, with a great stick, was trying to separate them. And Mo-tai's mother was talking, very fast and loud, to a Navaho girl who sat there on

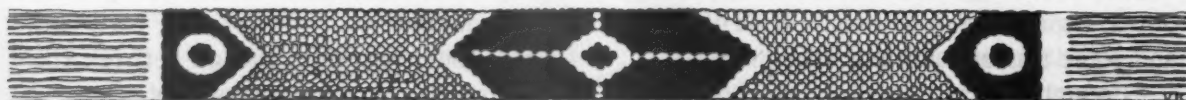
a horse and was talking back as hard as ever she could.

Mo-tai could see that it was a Navaho girl, because of her bright calico dress and her silver bracelets and blue turquoise earrings. And his ears told him, too, that she was a Navaho, because she was talking a different language from the one he knew. Mo-tai's mother could not understand it; and the girl could not understand what the mother was trying to tell her. But they kept on all the harder, even though the words did not mean anything to those who heard them.

But Mo-tai's big brother knew still another language, the same one that you and I talk. He had learned English at the big school over on the edge of the mountains. And when he looked up from the heap of quarreling dogs, he saw that the girl was one who had been his schoolmate there.

"Juana!" he said; and she smiled very quickly when she heard a friendly word. And she began to tell him in English how the sheep she was tending for her mother had strayed over this way and she had come to find them.

But Chita, Mo-tai's mother, did not want her boy to be talking to a Navaho girl.





"Drive her away! Drive her away!" Chita cried to the big brother Joe very angrily; and then Juana turned her horse and rode away. Pretty soon the strange dogs ran after her; and Chita's camp was quiet once more.

Then Chita took little Mo-tai in her arms and told him a story in the Ute language, which was the only language he and she knew.

"Look up at the mountain!" she said to him. So Mo-tai looked, and saw a big mountain against the sky, something like the one in the picture.

"See his head!" said Chita. "Look for his nose and his chin. See the highest place, where his big arms are folded. And then look down where the toe of his big moccasin points right up to the sky!"

Mo-tai looked and saw all these things; and perhaps you can see them too, if your eyes are sharp.

"That mountain is a big chief, asleep," Chita told her little boy. "He was the head chief of all the Ute people, and the bravest of them all. He went to sleep there many, many winters ago.

"And after he went to sleep the Utes were no longer strong enough to drive the Navahos far away from the country. They had to let the Navahos stay, though they were enemies. The two people have had many quarrels all these summers and winters.

"Some day"—and Chita looked very angry when she said this—"some day the old sleeping chief will wake up again. Then he will call all the Ute warriors together. The big boys will not go to school any longer, nor the men think about sheep, or fields. Instead, they will all gather about the council fire and make a mighty dance for war. And when the

fighters are all ready they will make war upon the Navahos and drive them all away—men and women and children and horses and sheep and dogs. They will trouble us no more. They will all go far away. The country will be ours forever—and—ever."

It all began to sound like a song to little Mo-tai as he listened to this long story; and by the time Chita reached the word "forever" Mo-tai's little head was drooping, and his eyelids were closing tight over his brown eyes. And he thought that maybe the old Sleeping Chief, too, was helping to sing him to sleep.

But when Mo-tai woke up again, he remembered the story very well. And sure enough, when he looked at the mountain, there was the old chief, still asleep, with his big face turned up to the sky! Because of his dream Mo-tai felt very friendly to the sleeper, and into his little head popped the idea that he would run off and talk to the old fellow himself.

Now Mo-tai was such a very little boy that he did not remember that his last nap had used up almost all the afternoon. And he did not know what a long walk he was planning to take, across the sandy desert and into the woods and up the side of the mountain. In that clear air, under the blue sky, it looked very near to him; but it was really miles away.

So Mo-tai pretended to play with Tonto until Chita and Joe were somewhere out of



sight. Then he hurried off in the direction of the mountain as fast as he could scamper, with Tonto running after him.

"We'll go wake up the big chief, Tonto!" cried Mo-tai in great glee; and Tonto answered "Yip! yip!" as if he were very glad to do his part.

Such a warm hard tramp that was across the desert! Very soon the sand was so deep that Mo-tai had to stop running. By and by he found it hard work to pull his little feet out of the sand. And when he began to go up the side of a hill, it made him feel as if he were slipping back, every time farther than he could pull himself up. And now he was reaching the trees. They made it cooler for him, and besides, the sun was getting farther down in the west, and the heaps of sand sent long, long shadows

toward him in strange and fearful shapes.

Mo-tai was a brave little fellow, so he was not afraid; but he was beginning to feel very tired of trudging along through the sand. Tonto was discouraged, too; he barked sadly, now, as if he were asking Mo-tai to turn back.

Mo-tai still thought he must go on to awaken the chief; but when the little boy looked up to see the old man, he was no longer there! This surprised Mo-tai very much. You see, he was too small to understand that when he came nearer to the mountain he could see only a small part instead of the whole of it. And the part he saw now did not look

at all like a man. It looked like sand and rocks and pine trees and underbrush. In fact, it looked just like a mountain.

Mo-tai thought the old chief must have gone away; and he began to wish very much that he and Tonto were back in Chita's wickiup beside the fire.

But when he turned to go back he couldn't see the wickiup at all! The sand stretched

out in little hills in all directions, and he couldn't tell which was the right way for him to go. And the shadows were getting longer and blacker. The sun was almost hidden behind one of the far-off hills.

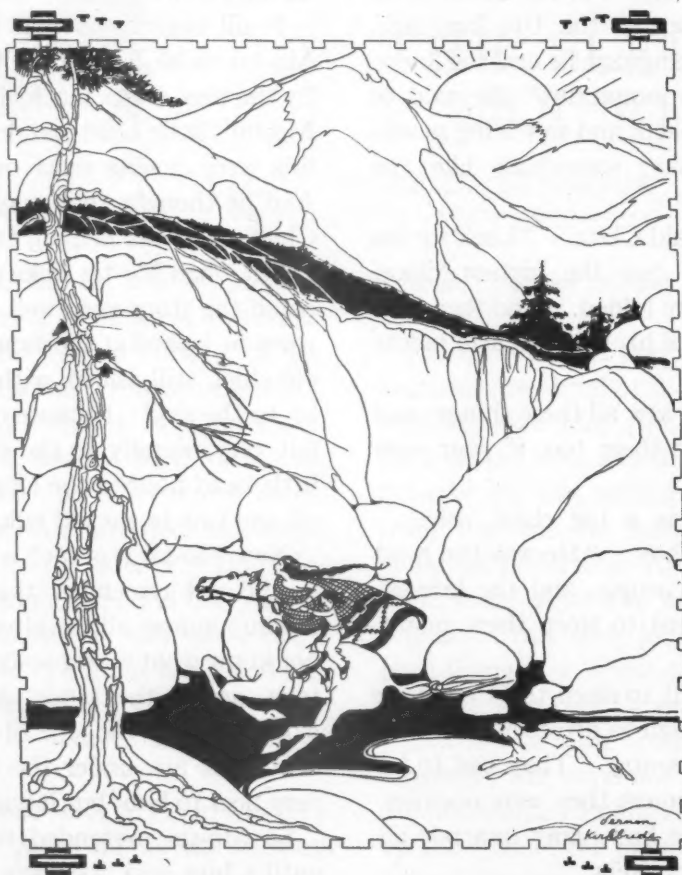
Mo-tai began to wish more and more that he was at home. And now Tonto's "Yip! yip!" sounded as if it meant "I want to go home! I want my dinner!"

And now out of the twilight came an answering

bark, a louder noise than Tonto's little "Yip! yip!" And through the shadows came a bigger dog with an angry jump right at poor little Tonto.

Mo-tai really was afraid, now; but he was still too brave to cry out. He hung his head, though; and I think perhaps a tear or two slid from under his eyelids and down his round cheeks. And when a horse loomed up in the twilight, he held his breath and was very still.

"Little boy." This was what he heard; but of course he did not know what the words meant. The voice sounded familiar, though; and when he looked up timidly, he saw it was





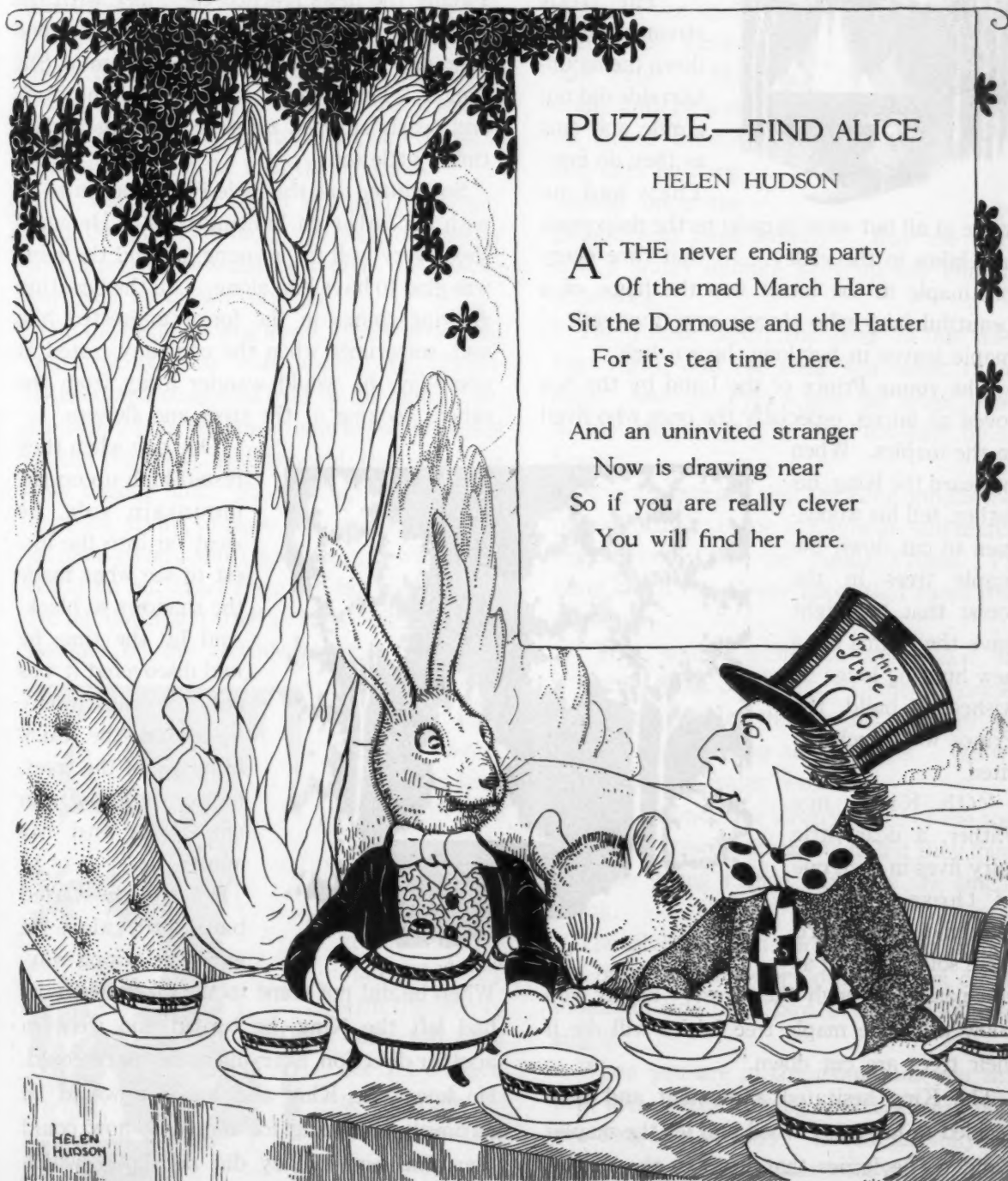
Alice in Wonderland

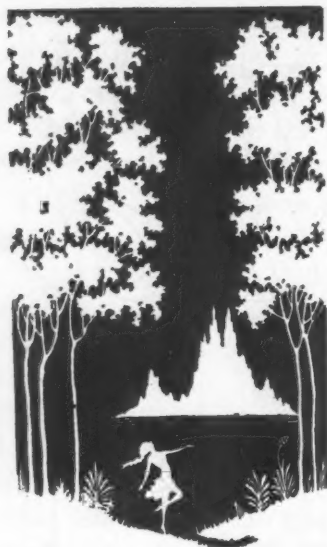
PUZZLE—FIND ALICE

HELEN HUDSON

AT THE never ending party
Of the mad March Hare
Sit the Dormouse and the Hatter
For it's tea time there.

And an uninvited stranger
Now is drawing near
So if you are really clever
You will find her here.





THE FAIRY WITH THE SILVERY VOICE

By MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

IN THE long ago time the little streams running down the mountain side did not gurgle and sing as they do now. They had no

voice at all but were as quiet as the deep pools and lakes in the valley. At that time every big maple in the forest was the home of a beautiful fairy who always wore a wreath of maple leaves in her long, brown hair.

The young Prince of the Land by the Sea loved all fairies, especially the ones who lived in the maples. When he heard the King, his father, tell his woodsmen to cut down the maple trees in the forest that he might have the beams for a new hunting lodge he wished to build, the Prince was much excited.

"Oh King, my Father, a dear little fairy lives in each one of those maples. Haven't you heard them softly singing as you passed through the forest? Surely you know the little maple tree fairies will die if their trees are cut down."

The King hesitated a moment and then decided to use other wood and let the maples stand. The fairies that lived in the maples near the castle told those on the hillsides how

the Prince had saved them. These told their sisters who lived up on the mountain sides. Finally the news reached the Fairy with the Silvery Voice, whose maple tree house stood near one of those quiet little streams. She sang a "Thank-you" song and all the birds and beasts stopped to listen. It was a glad, tinkly little song.

Soon after this the little Prince began to go with his father on hunting trips. He could shoot very well for a young lad and the King was glad to have him along. All the beautiful growing things in the forest interested him and, sometimes when the company rested at noon-day, he would wander away from the others, looking at the trees and flowers.

One day when they rested high up on the mountain side, he went far into the forest to see what made the shadows so black. And by the time he had discovered it was only the many, many leaves on the thick branches of the trees, he was far away from the King and his hunters.

Hurriedly he started back but, alas, he went the wrong way.

When he did not come to the place where he had left the King, he turned and went in another direction, hurrying as fast as he could. He knew the King and his men would be anxiously searching for him, but how could they find him if they did not know which way he went?



All afternoon the lad ran through the woods, first this way and then that way. He picked a few berries from the bushes as he ran but he was very, very thirsty and could find no water. At length it grew dark and he was much too tired to go on.

"I will lie down here," he said, "and if I do not die of thirst I will surely find my way home tomorrow."

Very near the place where he lay stood the maple that sheltered the Fairy with the Silvery Voice, and just beyond this tree was a brook. It made no sound as it ran along and the little Prince could not see it in the darkness.

"I will tell him about it," said the Fairy with the Silvery Voice; "he shall not suffer with thirst when water is so near. He saved our lives, now I will save his."

So she began to sing a soft, tinkly little song that told of clear, cool water. The Prince listened and staggered over to the maple tree. He still did not see the stream beyond because of the darkness, and thought the fairy was only teasing him. She kept up her murmuring song, trying to make him understand that he must go on a short distance. It was all she could do but the Prince did not understand. He lay down and tried to rest. He could not because of the terrible thirst. The fairy

sang on.

Finally midnight came. This is the hour when all tree fairies may come from their trees and frolic on the green. Immediately the Fairy with the Silvery Voice ran from her tree straight to the brook. In an instant she had changed herself into a

water nymph and, jumping into the brook, she sang again her song.

"The water is here. Come," she sang. The Prince followed the sound of her voice and found the clear, cool water. He drank until he was no longer thirsty and then he flung himself upon the ground and slept sweetly. But the fairy, now a water nymph, kept up her gurgling little song.

The Prince heard the song in his sleep that night, and the song was sweet to his ears. And the Prince saw the silver brook in his dreams and he was touched by its beauty.

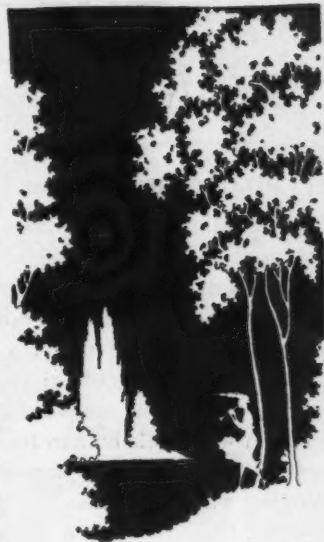
Now it happened that the King and his men passed near the brook at daylight, still searching anxiously for the young Prince. The King heard the silvery notes that came from the brook.

"That sound seems to say," said he: "'Here is fresh, cool water. Come and drink.' My men, you are thirsty and you are also weak from searching all the night. We will see if there be water here."

They followed the silvery notes of the song and found not only fresh water, but they found also the young Prince asleep by the singing brook.

The silvery voiced fairy taught her song to the brook and to every other stream on the mountain side until now every one of them sing it.

When you are in the mountains you may hear some brook singing in soft, silvery notes the song of the fairy. Listen carefully and hear it say, "Here is clear, cool water. Come and drink! Come and drink!"



THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

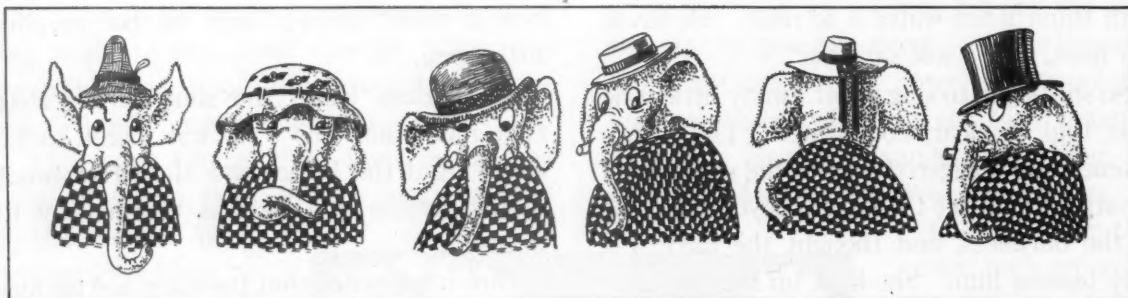
ELEPHANT BUYS NEW HAT

It seems to be a well-known fact that men between the ages of five years and ninety dislike very much to be under the necessity of buying new hats. Now, there isn't a reason in the world why he-elephants shouldn't have this same dislike in common with their human friends; so you can imagine how pleased old Boogles was *not* when his wife insisted that he buy a summer hat.

per, after which he bravely marched to the hat store, where special styles for bald-headed elephants were displayed. A polite giraffe began to show his entire stock. What agony Mr. J. Elephantasticus Boogles went through! First there was a hat that was so small that he didn't know it was on his head; then a hat so large that it made wrinkles in his ears; then a fuzzy hat, that tickled his neck and made him giggle.

TOYTOWN HOSPITAL OPENS DOORS

The old Hairless and Homeless Hospital has been remodelled to answer the needs of its many toy patients. A delightful washtub annex lined with sanitary oilcloth has been added. The doctors in charge are Teddy Bears of wide experience, and include such well-known bear physicians as Doctor Teddy Tonsil-pusher, Doctor Addy Noids, and Doctor Van Kuttemup, the famous surgeon.



Boogles is a rubber elephant who is in the grass-sprinkling business in Toytown. Fashionable doll house owners who have green lawns hire Boogles to come around and spray their grass plots through his rubber trunk. Boogles does the job very thoroughly for the modest sum of three coffee beans per lawn.

To return to the hat question, Mrs. Ellabella Boogles, who is also of rubber, told Boogles last Wednesday morning that she simply would not let him in that night unless he came home with a new hat on his head.

"Your old bonnet is a sight!" she scolded through her trembling trunk. "Why, Boogles, that hat looks like nothing but a pancake!"

So, after Boogles had sprayed his last lawn and received his last bean on last Wednesday, he took a last look at his wornout straw hat and disposed of it by eating it for sup-

per. There were high hats, low hats, broad hats and narrow hats, tin hats and thin hats, booby hats and goofy hats, fatty hats and hatty hats. The store was in an uproar, and even the giraffe salesman had to smile behind his hoof several times at the riotous effect of Boogles in a funny hat.

Well, now, you may not believe it, but the poor old elephant could not find a single hat to fit him, so there was nothing to do but to go home bare-headed. Mrs. Boogles met him at the door.

"Elephant Boogles!" she scolded. "Where's the new hat."

"Couldn't find one to fit me, my dear!" grinned Boogles.

"And where's your old hat, you crazy elephant?"

"Ate it for supper!" howled Boogles gleefully as he raced around to the back door and got into the house before his wife could turn the key.

The opening day of the hospital witnessed the cures of many troubled toys. There was the dolly who swallowed a button hook, the bear who skidded the hair off his chin, the monkey with the loose eye button, the plush rabbit with the ripping tail, the wooden camel with the crack in his tummy, and the cloth dog with ink on his nose, all of whom were soon cured by the clever bear doctors.

The medical bears have been puzzled, however, by the strange case of a giraffe who swallowed a nickel, for it was difficult to tell at which curve of his long neck the coin was hiding.

"I got that way playing a game," explained the patient. "You see, we were playing telephone, and I was it!" Whereupon he coughed so violently that the nickel at last reappeared, much to the doctors' relief.

"The wire is busy!" winked the giraffe as he climbed into the ambulance and drove home at a speed of ninety miles an hour.

*When little girls
meet with mishaps—*



Fels-Naptha is a good friend to them! Mother knows that when you spill things on the table-cloth and floor, and soil your pretty little rompers or dresses at play, Fels-Naptha will quickly make them clean again.

Fels-Naptha makes easy work of washing little rompers, woolens and diapers. It keeps them from irritating the tender skin.

And Sally, the laundress, will get your clothes so bright and wholesomely clean with Fels-Naptha you will be proud to wear them.

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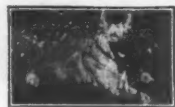
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When I play with him,
He brings me lots of joy.

Yours Truly

IDA SCHAUB

Age 9

I HAVE a little dog,
Whose name was Dinkey,
Part of him was straight,
And the other part was
kinky.

HELEN COAPMAN

Age 9

Rochester, N.Y.

FLUFFY

MY DOGGIE'S name is
Fluffy,
Seeing me his chest goes puffy.
He believes in the motto:
A bath a day will always
Keep the fleas away.

DOROTHY KATZOFF

Age 9 years Bridgeport, Conn.

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BEAR HUNT

A Game

By MAUDE DAY BALTZELL



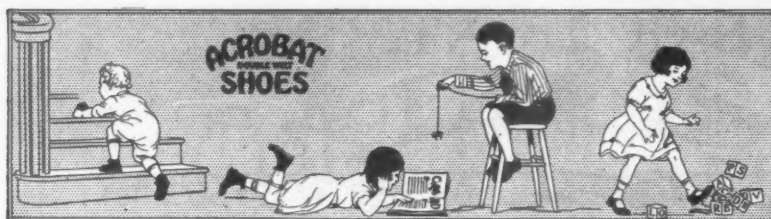
THIS is a game that boys like especially well, for it requires lots of space and action. The best places to play it in are parks, picnic grounds, or wooded fields.

The person who has studied this game and can direct the others is the first *Fire-watcher*. He has provided himself with a pencil and some small pieces of paper large enough to write a name on. He selects a spot near the center of the area in which the hunt is to take place, and lays some twigs on the ground to mark the *camp-fire* site. He now directs all the players to form a circle around the fire and sit down.

The fire-watcher now counts the number in the circle—if there are eight he marks H on seven pieces of paper and B on the other piece. These papers are passed and the players told

not to tell a soul which letter they draw—but that all are to run off and hide while the fire-watcher counts to one hundred, and when he calls *Hounds, Hounds, Hounds*, those who drew the letter H come back to the camp-fire and the one who drew the letter B which means BEAR has a chance to run still farther away to hide, for the fire-watcher will keep the HOUNDS by the camp-fire until he has counted to one hundred again. When he says *one hundred* the hounds start to bay fiercely and to seek the bear.

If by any strategy the bear gets back to the fire without being caught he may choose a new fire-watcher and be the BEAR a second time; however, this seldom happens. The one who catches the bear may be "it" the next game and may also choose a new fire-watcher.



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The lasts for Acrobat Shoes conform perfectly to the shape of children's feet. Your children will never know the discomfort or injury of ill-fitting shoes if they wear Acrobats,—which retain their shape, even after resoling. The linings cannot wrinkle, the insoles cannot curl or come loose. The pliable uppers and flexible leather soles "give" with every movement of the child's active feet.

YOU parents of boys and girls know what youngsters do to shoes. It never enters their heads to be careful of their shoes, while climbing trees and fences, and playing on cement sidewalks. Ordinary shoes wear out mighty fast, as you can testify from experience.

Not so with "Acrobats"—children frequently outgrow them before wearing them out. The famous Acrobat "Double Welt" process, which interlocks the uppers and soles with triple stitching, is the secret of their long wear and unusual flexibility. Acrobats are rip-proof and practically water-tight. They are all leather, made without sole filling to become lumpy and cause uneven wear. Acrobats more than meet the desire of every parent for better children's shoes.

Styles for All Occasions

Whether you choose the dainty little patent leather models or the sturdy play shoes, your joy in your children's well shod appearance is the same. And you will be more than pleased as the weeks go by, and Acrobats continue to demonstrate their unusual wearing qualities. They are made in pleasing styles for babies, boys, girls and young women. Look for the name "ACROBAT" on the sole.



An attractive Acrobat patent leather style

Send Today for Booklet—"Keep your Child's Feet Happy"

As well as describing in detail the advantages of Acrobat "Double Welt" construction, this booklet gives you many valuable hints on the care of your child's feet, how to select and fit shoes properly, and how to avoid future foot troubles. Write for it, and we will give you name of your nearest Acrobat dealer.



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519 3rd Street

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Specialists in Children's Good Shoes Since 1892



THE SLEEPING MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 482)

Juana—the same girl who had been quarreling with his mother earlier in the day. Mo-tai had run off to wake up the old chief, you remember, in order to get him to drive Juana and all her people out of the country. Now he wished she had already gone. Mo-tai was afraid she would begin to quarrel with him too.

But her voice did not sound angry. And when he grew brave enough to look directly at her, she was smiling, as she had done when Joe said her name, earlier in the day.

"Joe thought she was a friend, even if she is Navaho," thought little Mo-tai; and his heart began to feel lighter. And Tonto evidently felt the same way, for he stopped growling and danced about in much more happy fashion than before.

Since Mo-tai did not know either Navaho or English, Juana had to make him understand by signs that he must get up behind her on the horse. But when he did so, they went off a-gallop!

That good horse took only a few minutes to hurry over the distance that had been such a long tramp for little Mo-tai. In a twinkling they were back with Chita, and Juana was telling Joe how she had found his little brother far off in the hills. This time Chita did not scold Juana; and Joe told her a very warm "Thank you" in all three languages, for bringing Mo-tai back to them.

So Mo-tai does not wish any longer for the Sleeping Ute Mountain to make war and drive away the Navahos. Instead, he is planning that when he is a little bigger, he too will go to the school where Joe and Juana first became acquainted. He wants to learn the English words to tell Juana that he is her good friend, and will help her if the old mountain wakes up and threatens any harm to her.



TIGHTEN AND LOOSEN—

An Italian Game

GERTRUDE LEE CROUCH

FOUR children hold the four corners of a cloth that is a yard square or larger. The child chosen leader makes rapid circles on the cloth with his finger, then suddenly calls, "Tighten" or "Loosen."

If he says "tighten" the children must loosen their hold by pushing toward the center: if he says "loosen" they must tighten their hold by pulling outward.

It is much more fun if played rapidly and the orders are mixed up as "Tighten, Loosen, Tighten, Tighten, Loosen, Tighten, Loosen, Loosen!" It becomes very confusing but is good mind training. A forfeit is required if a mistake is made.



THE CITY IN THE SAND

JEANNETTE C. SHIRK

I BUILT a city in the sand
And formed it softly with my hand.

The castle walls were tall and fair;
The valleys deep, the gardens rare.

It was a pleasant sort of land
This yellow city in the sand.

But oh! the waves came with the tide
And swept my castles far and wide.



Next the Beech-Nut children go
To the Land of Eskimo,
Where the bears are fierce and white,
Where the sun stays up all night.
Children clad in furs there are
Glad to see the Beech-Nut jar—
Sunny Beech-Nut, smooth and brown.
Happy meals for Iceberg Town!

BEECH-NUT Peanut Butter is made in Beech-Nut Town, in the beautiful Mohawk Valley. The post office people call it Canajoharie, New York, and that is what your Daddy must look for when he brings you here in the car. We want everyone to come who possibly can.

You will love to see the Beech-Nut folks making Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. They are all dressed in white and everything is as clean as your mother's pantry. No wonder you like it spread good and thick on bread or toast or crackers. Dairy butter and Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on bread go well together and are good for growing boys and girls.

Mother will cut off the coupon piece and send it to us. Ask her.



BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

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BEECH-NUT
PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

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Parents' Page

Conducted by HELEN B. PAULSEN—*The Mother Goose Lady, and Judge John Doe*

Dear Judge Doe:

The children had their first meeting of the Mother Goose Republic and elected Tommy Tucker mayor. They decided to have no more officers until all understood the duties as well as the privileges of the mayor.

Tommy Tucker, you will remember, sang for his supper. He did something for what he received. He was always known to play the game fair with all the children in the home and school. It was for such reasons that they elected him mayor. The children thought that it would be a good idea to get a list of the great mayors in history so that they could study their lives and find out why they were great, and what they did that was worth while.

We scarcely finished our election when I asked Simple Simon to do something that should be done immediately. He spent two hours trying to find a way to get out of doing the thing that would have taken him ten minutes to do. He is young, of course, but he does not seem to grasp the fact that you cannot get something for nothing; he does not understand the law of compensation.

As you see, Tommy Tucker and some of the members of the Republic understand their responsibilities to others, but some of them do not, as is shown by the behavior of Simple Simon.

Will you please discuss this situation with our little Republic, and help it to see the seriousness of Simple Simon's attitude and the grave consequences to the individual as well as to the group?

Yours very truly,
The Mother Goose Lady.

Dear Mother Goose Lady:

I find that boys and girls, even very small ones, are often more alert in matters of common sense than many older persons. Moreover, school children are more receptive to certain important teachings than they are after they grow older. It may sometimes happen that you will shoot over their heads—but they will understand your ideas in time.

This is the preface to what I am going to write you, and which I hope you will convey to the members of the Republic as if I had written to them directly, as I shall do, occasionally, if you wish me to.

Poor Simple Simon is no more foolish than the grown-up people have been in believing that they can get an efficient, faithful citizenship without the earnest and honest effort of each individual. For nearly one hundred and fifty years many people of our country have been lax and careless in this matter of citizenship. Often these people have failed to keep themselves informed on matters of city, state and national government. This neglect on the part of so many people has encouraged careless methods of government.

While the home is the starting point for teaching

collective responsibility, we must recognize that it can best be taught in the school. It is here the child will learn cooperation and consideration of the rights and feelings of others. He also will learn direction, responsibility, planning, management, and—that much needed faculty in human dealing—balance.

It may be that Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison and their associates did not plan for boys and girls to have constitutional government in their homes and schools. Nevertheless there is no better mechanism for the teaching of living in a community than will be found in the Constitution of the United States.

Mere academic knowledge of the Constitution does not mean much to most persons, as it is not necessarily a living thing. Put it into operation, however, in the home and school, where everybody has a voice, and it becomes a live instrument that will have the respect and love it deserves. When the children fully understand the Constitution, they will see that its spirit is that of the Golden Rule. When the children understand the spirit of the Constitution they are glad to let it influence them in all of their dealings with each other, and this influence in the community will, as the days go on, become the foundation of a new citizenship with the ideal of "one for all and all for one." The community will be no place for the grafter, the profiteer, the dishonest politician, but it will be a place where honesty, earnestness and loyalty to the whole will receive full compensation.

Give my love to the children, and encourage them as much as possible in their Republic.

Yours very truly,
John Doe,
Judge of the Juvenile Court.

Dear Judge Doe:

I read your letter to the Republic, and Simple Simon said that he could see that people who do wrong when they grow up were probably never taught better when they were young. I told him that most of the girls and boys in the reform schools, when they were first taken there, said that they didn't know that they were doing wrong or breaking the law. And this is so with many others. See how this can be helped through our Republic where each member will be able, as time goes on, to decide what is right and what is not.

Simple Simon suggested that it would be a good thing to read the Constitution at each meeting and that each take turn in reading it. Tommy Tucker said that he thought it would be a good plan to read something about the lives of the great men who wrote the Constitution, and suggested that one give a talk on George Washington at the next meeting.

The children wish me to thank you for the interest you are taking in their Republic.

Yours very truly,
The Mother Goose Lady.



Stories you remember best

Are they not the ones you heard, and read, as a child? Isn't "Alice in Wonderland" more vivid to you than the book you read last month?

How important, then, the selection of *your children's* books. *Now* is their harvest time of memory. *Be sure* the impressions they glean are those which build imagination, good taste, and character.

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The Bird

PARROTS AND PEANUTS

By HAZEL H. SAMPLE

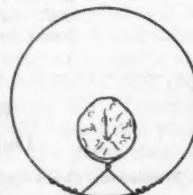
Dear Children:

Here we are, gay colored and swinging in a ring.

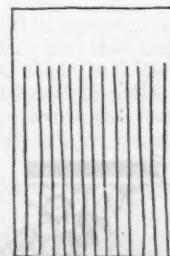
Parrots made from peanuts.
But we can't sing.

All you need to make us are crepe paper, orange and green, purple and yellow, blue and pink. Then some hat or picture wire, peanuts, paste and scissors. Take the wire and make a circle for the ring. Bring the end inside the circle and wrap tightly around the center of a peanut, using the end with the natural beak shape for the head. Bring the end down to the circle, making his two legs. Paint black eyes on with ink. Take paper about three inches long and two wide as diagram shows, and cut in narrow strips up to about three-fourths of an inch of the edge. Use green over orange or purple over yellow and paste neatly around the body of the peanut. Make a little tuft and paste on head. Now we have a gay parrot swinging in a ring.

The Circle



The Topnot



The Feathers



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School, Long Beach, California

ONE day the Skin Horse, who had been in the nursery longer than the other animals, had a talk with *The Velveteen Rabbit*. The Rabbit was feeling lonesome and needed to talk to some one who understood him. The Skin Horse told his friend that once you are REAL you can't be ugly except to people who don't understand and that being REAL has nothing to do with the way you are made or how you look but that it is something that happens to you. Here are the very words of the Skin Horse: "When a child REALLY loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become REAL. It doesn't happen all at once. You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't often happen to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept. Generally, by the time you are REAL, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all. Once you are REAL you can't become unreal again. It lasts for always."

Now we know why it is that some of our friends stay right with us, year in and year out. The Muffin Man, Peter Pan, Pinocchio, Rip Van Winkle have been loved so much that they will "last for always." There are only a few boys and girls who do not know how adorably funny Alice is and who will not enjoy another edition of her *Adventures in Wonderland*. This new book has colored pictures by Gertrude Kay and most of the old drawings, too. In *Boys and Girls of Bookland* with the large, delightful Jessie Wilcox Smith illustrations, there is a chapter about Alice as well as stories about other REAL people—Mowgli, Tiny Tim, Little Nell, Heidi. Could any chapter be better than the one about David Copperfield? You will especially enjoy the part where David reads aloud to his nurse about some beasts which she understood to be called "crorkondills" and the part where David began his long journey to Salem House. The trip promised to be pretty melancholy and David's handkerchief was quite wet with tears. But before long the little boy and the driver fell into conversation, Barkis offered to spread the wet handkerchief on the horse's back to dry, and David, who couldn't remember that any of the heroes in his favorite books had cried, decided to dry his tears.

Talking seems to help almost everyone. How little Theresa's grief subsided, in *Castle Blair*, when Winnie bent over her and asked, "Is there anything the matter?" Even with such magic as the Cap of Thought, I doubt if Wendell Bradford, in *It's Your Fairy Tale You Know*, would have accomplished much

without his daily interview with The Pixie. The very name of *When Fairies Were Friendly* suggests that there was a time when fairies conversed quite freely. It is only by discussing this and that with some one that we really find people out. Jo, the Little Machinist found his greatest joy in sharing his thoughts with his sister and in telling her what went on at Snow-Back school. Whatever would Ramon and Rita, *The Filipino Twins* have done on the raft that night (when they were caught by the current and had such an exciting time), if they couldn't have talked the situation over! The same was true of Rosa and Margherita when the father, Alessandro, came home ill. It was only by thinking and talking and planning about *A Little Singing Bird* that affairs came out as well as they did!

Of all these people you shall learn more in the complete books about them. And I hope, when you have read the stories, that you will agree with the Boy in *The Velveteen Rabbit* and will find that what the Skin Horse said is true at last—"that once you are REAL you can't become unreal again."

STORIES CHILDREN LOVE

- | | | |
|--|---------|---|
| <i>Alice's Adventures in Wonderland</i> | - - - - | Lewis Carroll |
| J. B. LIPPINCOTT, PHILADELPHIA | | |
| <i>Boys and Girls of Bookland</i> | - - - - | Nora Archibald Smith |
| COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION, NEW YORK | | |
| <i>Castle Blair</i> | - - - - | F. L. Shaw |
| LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON | | |
| <i>Filipino Twins</i> | - - - - | Lucy Fitch Perkins |
| HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., BOSTON | | |
| <i>It's Your Fairy Tale, You Know</i> | - - - - | E. R. Jackson |
| B. J. BRIMMER CO., BOSTON | | |
| <i>Jo, the Little Machinist</i> | - - - - | Johanna Spyri |
| J. B. LIPPINCOTT, PHILADELPHIA | | |
| <i>Little Singing Bird</i> | - - - - | L. M. Blanchard |
| HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., BOSTON | | |
| <i>The Muffin Shop</i> | - - - - | Louise Ayres Garnett |
| RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO | | |
| <i>Our Little Canadian Cousin of the Great Northwest</i> | - - - - | E. F. Murphy |
| THE PAGE COMPANY, BOSTON | | |
| <i>Peter Pan</i> | - - - - | Retold from Barrie's Famous Play by F. O. Perkins |
| SILVER, BURDETT & CO., NEW YORK | | |
| <i>The Raggedy Man</i> | - - - - | James Whitcomb Riley |
| BOBBS-MERRILL CO., INDIANAPOLIS | | |
| <i>Rip Van Winkle</i> | - - - - | Washington Irving |
| J. B. LIPPINCOTT, PHILADELPHIA | | |
| <i>The Velveteen Rabbit</i> | - - - - | Margery Williams |
| GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK | | |
| <i>When Fairies Were Friendly</i> | - - - - | Evelene Stein |
| THE PAGE COMPANY, BOSTON | | |



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A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model—built to stand the hardest wear.



An attractive Keds model for general wear all summer long.



THE MUSIC CLUB COMPOSERS

(Continued from page 463)

Soon they were on their way, thinking not only of the lovely music Uncle Jerome was going to play for them, but of the nice things they would have for dinner. When they entered the house Uncle Jerome sat down at the piano. He never played better than he did that day—he was happy because his little friends were happy. When he had finished playing he said, "After dinner I shall play Schumann's beautiful piece called 'Dreaming,' just before you are ready to go to bed. Every one knows this melody. He wrote it for all little children who love nature—flowers, trees, birds, the sky, the sea, the brook and everything that we should love—particularly when they dream of all these things."

When it was dark and everything seemed so still and the eyes of the children grew heavy, Uncle Jerome said, "This is Schumann's beautiful piece." How lovely it all was! When the music was finished little Bess spoke.

"Do you think that I shall ever know enough about music to make up such a lovely piece?"

"I am sure that you will, my dear. At least, you will learn to love this one all the more. Tomorrow we shall try again."

Very soon after the members of the music club were in dreamland. I know they were all dreaming of Robert Schumann as a child and the lovely songs that they could make themselves.

NOTE: Acknowledgment is made to Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge for the use of two-lined verses.

JUNE CONTEST DECISION NEXT MONTH

The names of the prize winners in the contest on "What I Like Best in CHILD LIFE and Why" will be announced in the September issue of CHILD LIFE, instead of the August, as announced at first. The decision of the judges has been delayed due to the unusually large number of contest papers received. And there are so many good ones!

THE MUTT

(Continued from page 470)

They stood there at the end of the room discussing it. They laughed a good deal. And then one of them called to Bobby. "Son," he said, "it goes to your dog. He's taken the prize—the First Prize of *The Standard's* Alley Dog Show, he has! I congratulate you on having such an un-pedigreed pup! He looks it more than any of the rest. Hold him while I tie a blue ribbon on his neck and then step over there so the photographer can snap you. It's twenty-five dollars! Here!"

Gee! Twenty-five dollars! *Twenty-five dollars!* Bobby Hayes and Mutt dashed out of the newspaper office and rushed madly for home. They did not know who got the other prizes. They made a bee line for Granny.

She'd been worrying about Bobby. She hadn't seen him since school was out—and there was no Mutt in the shed. One of the neighbors had seen them go off together. She was anxiously peering down the street through the screen door when Bobby with Mutt at his heels came around the corner. Bobby was waving the prize ribbon.

He could hardly wait till he threw his arms about Granny. "Mutt—Mutt got first prize in the Alley Dog Show," he panted. "See here! Twenty-five dollars for being the homeliest dog! *The Standard* gave it!"

Mutt ran around the two, barking. It was a grand day of excitement for him. Bobby—well, if Bobby gave that twenty-five dollars to Granny, Granny could buy a *new* spread! And then, of course, they had to keep the Mutt who had done it all for the two of them! Funny! Granny really didn't want the Mutt to go—no, not any more than Bobby did. He had found his place in the home, even in spite of muddy paw tracks!

The money went in the bank—a good part of it—after they had bought a beautiful spread for that best bed of Granny's. And Mutt had a new collar. Also, he learned to carry papers for Bobby when upon the paper route delivering *The Standard*.

The Mutt was happy—he had Bobby and Granny. But he didn't long stay the homeliest dog in town for, under their care, the Mutt flourished and became beautiful even as the Ugly Duckling did in another story.



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THE TOY
TINKERS

Evanston



Illinois



The Most Attractive Child I Ever Met

By George Bond



I HAD stopped off on my way East to visit an old classmate of mine who lived on a ranch twenty miles from nowhere and whom I had not seen in ten years. When we arrived at his home his little boy of eight came dashing up on his pony to meet us, and while my friend drove the car around to the garage his young son, having hitched his horse, showed me to my room. I was at once impressed by his courtesy and attractive manners, at which I marveled in one brought up so far in the wilds.

But my surprise grew into wonder at dinner, and as my stay was prolonged, for, though what I first noticed was manners, it was the little fellow's unusual education that later amazed me. He displayed such an interest in the miscellaneous table talk and such remarkable knowledge of people, business, pictures, history, literature, etc., that my admiration continued to grow by leaps and bounds. After dinner he took a book and curled up in a chair to himself where most boys would have worried their mothers to tell or read them a story.

"JIM," I said to his father, when the boy had gone to bed, "I never met a child like Ted before, and the remarkable thing about him is that with all his knowledge, he is 100 per cent real boy. Where did he get his training, anyway?"

"From a school in Baltimore," he replied with a smile of pride. "His behavior, his three R's, his general information, we owe all to that school."

"When did you live in Baltimore?" I asked.

"I have never been to Baltimore," he answered.

"You don't mean to say you sent a boy of his age away to boarding school?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "When Ted reached the age of four, we became desperate. Neither my wife nor I knew anything about bringing up a child and, though we felt our responsibility keenly, we did not know what to do. Ted was meanwhile developing traits and tendencies that began to alarm us. His education meant more

to us than anything else in the world, but it seemed that if we stayed here without a school there could be no education. And if we left the ranch there would be no money for his education.

"Thus we were between the two horns of a dilemma. Then one day we heard accidentally that the Calvert School in Baltimore was training and teaching children from four to twelve years right in their own homes, no matter where they live, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners at the age of four, proceeding with the teaching of reading and writing and so carrying its pupils on until when they finally do go to school they enter a year or more ahead of other children their age."

"I didn't know such a school existed," I frankly confessed.

"Come, let me show you his school-room," he said, and taking me upstairs into the boy's playroom he pointed out the corner set aside for the purpose of a school—with its little desk and a chair and shelf of books, one or two of which I opened.

"What attractive books!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know schoolbooks were ever made so. They weren't in my day."

He showed me the daily lesson sheets of instructions, so clear that any one could follow them, and so enlightening that even with a random glance I learned things that brought forth the exclamation, "Well, I never knew that before!" Then I examined Ted's stories about his pony and life on the ranch and his compositions, illustrated with pictures on art, history, mythology, science, together with his reports and certificate.



I COMPARED the work I mentally with that of my own little girl in the East whom, at a financial sacrifice, I was sending to the best day school I knew of—and a jealous and even angry feeling swept over me that my friend's son, 1,000 miles from a good school, should be so much better trained.

"But who does the actual teaching?" I asked.

"His nurse at first gave him his lessons, but after a while my wife became so interested that she considered it a pleasure and a privilege to do that part herself. She found it brought new interest and delight into her own life, and I venture to say it takes no more of her time than that which your wife spends in hearing your little girl's les-



sons, which you are paying others to teach.

"The Calvert School was started and is maintained by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore who seek no financial benefits, but who wanted the best the educational world afforded for their own children. And they are broad-minded enough to wish to make similar advantages available to all English-speaking children. The Calvert School faculty is constantly trying out new devices, books, schemes, plans and methods and they adopt and incorporate into their course any improvement that stands the test.

"You'll be surprised to know there are Calvert pupils in every state and twenty-two foreign countries, and a great many schools are using Calvert methods, though many claim to be using the Calvert School system who are not entitled to."

Inspired by my friend's enthusiasm, I borrowed a post card, sat down at once and wrote the Calvert School, asking for full information.

When I reached home the information I sought was awaiting me, and I at once secured the Calvert instruction for Mary.

WHY not find out what the Calvert School can do for your child? This School, established over 25 years ago to specialize in the teaching of children, conducts a great day school in Baltimore and is also successfully teaching by correspondence thousands of pupils scattered over the entire face of the globe. It furnishes all books, materials, lessons, and guides and supervises the work.

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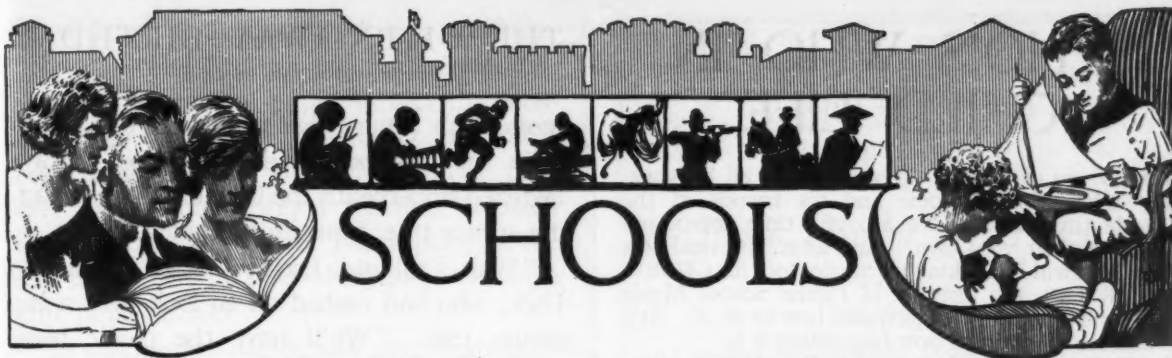
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TO PARENTS

CHILD LIFE's School Service has been established for parents. We want you to write us about any problems you may have when the time comes to select a school for your boy or girl. Our Service is entirely without charge to parents or to the schools we suggest.

LET'S SUPPOSE

You are buying the material for your daughter's dress or, perhaps, a new suit for your son. The clerk hands you several neatly tied packages and tells you to take your choice. Would you casually select one of them, simply because it was expensive or you liked the color of the wrapping paper? Or would you demand the right to untie the packages and examine the material you are buying?

LET'S SUPPOSE

Instead of a dress or suit, you are purchasing the future of your child. And that is exactly what you are purchasing when you select a school for your boy or girl. Particular schools meet particular needs, but many parents, hampered by lack of information, must choose as blindly as the customers of the carnival grab-bag peddler.

OUR SERVICE

It is to help busy parents, who wish to select for their children, schools that will meet their individual needs, that the CHILD LIFE School Service has been established. We are careful in making suggestions, and we are ready to furnish such information and data at our disposal as will aid parents in making an intelligent selection. If you are undecided about a school to which to send your children, we are sure that our service will be helpful.

Address:

E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Director

SCHOOL SERVICE

CHILD LIFE
526 S. Clark St. Chicago, Illinois

MISS DAVISON'S SCHOOL

Hillcrest

Here are gay playmates, tender care, and the sympathetic understanding of home. Swings, basket ball, sleighrides, surprise parties. Sunshiny rooms. Delicious, wholesome food. Unusual advantages in music. Only normal, healthy girls—5 to 14 years old—accepted. Number limited.

Send today for catalog.
Miss Sarah M. Davison, Principal
Box 4L, Beaver Dam, Wis.



TEACH YOUR CHILD

at Home

and give him practically the same educational advantages he would have at the best private school.

A unique system teaches children from kindergarten to 12 years of age by correspondence at home, with the modern methods, guidance and supervision of a great day school, established 1897, with a worldwide reputation for training young children. Write for information to

CALVERT SCHOOL
11 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

For the Little Folks Especially

THE gracefulness and poise developed in little girls through expert instruction in Classical and Toe Dancing, may be attained in no other way. It was with this thought in mind that Marie Landry opened her first studio twelve years ago.

Special classes formed for little girls as young as two years.

Descriptive literature will be sent on request to parents who are interested

Marie Landry School of Dancing
Stevens Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

DID you ever make up some music all by yourself? Uncle Jerome and his friends at the seaside this month have a joyful time composing music of their very own. And after you read this story you will be making up music, too, for GEORGE H. GARTLAN, the director of Public School Music of New York City, tells you just how to do it. Try it and see for yourself how fascinating it is!

Allow us to introduce to you this August afternoon His Majesty the Mutt, who makes his bow in our All-Story Number and who is a thoroughbred cur if there ever was one. But Bobby Hayes had a heart and discovered the Mutt had one, too. And after the dog show—well, you read PATTEN BEARD'S honest-to-goodness story and find out just what happened then yourself.

This month, too, you will enjoy FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR'S beautifully written story about Moti, the little Ute Indian boy, and how he became good friends with Juana, the Navaho girl. Mrs. Seymour, who is a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners at Washington, shows us in this story how simple it is to understand our brothers of other lands and other races if we all speak the universal language of love. MARGARET WARDE'S Dolly this month finds out something else and that is—how much fun a birthday is when you give it away!

We can't begin to tell you all the fascinating things in CHILD LIFE this month. You are sure to read the new chapter in MARY GRAHAM BONNER'S "Sea Victors," also that interesting pirate-y story about the "China Doll," "The Fairy with the Silvery Voice," and HELEN WING'S charming poem, while little sister and brother are sure to be interested in "Dream Fairy Dear" and her wonderful airship, and many other pages in their favorite magazine.

Next month brings school and a CHILD LIFE brim full of interesting pictures, stories and games. Those of you who are personally acquainted with fairies will enjoy "The Toymaker" by NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. It's all about one day ages and ages ago when the toymaker in his cave far away in the mountains had his wonderful Idea and made—but you read that story yourself. No fair telling! Miss Smith, you remember, wrote that story you all liked so much—"The Wonder Balls." Many of you probably know her other stories and plays for boys and girls and perhaps some of the books that she wrote with her sister, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

In September, too, MARY GRAHAM BONNER'S Sea Victors have some more thrilling adventures on their desert island, and MARGARET WARDE'S Dick and Dolly have some more unusual experiences on their Vermont farm. When you are a little older you will be sure to love this author's famous "Betty Wales" books. Little sister and brother next month will chuckle delightedly over the adventures of the Pirate Blue Jay and RAY APPEL'S delightful pictures of him. And you will, too! MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN has written the jolliest sort of a jingle about "The Brownie and the Chameleon," and JOHN GEE'S comical portraits of these queer creatures will make you laugh every single time you look at them.

Then in the September number of CHILD LIFE there are interesting stories by GEORGE H. GARTLAN, DR. EMMET DUNN ANGELL, The Play Man, and—but the rest is a surprise!

THE GIVEN-AWAY BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 476)

moss, with a partridge wing over the top to keep the rain out; and it's almost always fastened underneath the limb of a big, spreading spruce tree, beautifully hidden."

"Wait a minute, Dickie!" cried Mother to Dick, who had rushed off to look over a big spruce tree. "We'll have the picnic here. Put down your things first, and then hunt for the nest."

"And just because the kinglet's nest is very hard to find," said Father, "I'll help you folks a little." He walked off, and stood near two big spruces. "That nest isn't thirty feet from my head."

So the children swarmed around Father, and they looked and they looked and they *looked*, but nobody found the nest, until Jane pulled at Father's sleeve and whispered, "I never saw a bird's nest, so I don't know for sure, but I think I've found it."

And sure enough she had.

"Want to feel inside?" asked Father. Then he climbed up in the tree and bent the great, spreading limb down, so they could all reach. "Jane has first turn," he said, "because it's her birthday."

Jane stuck a finger inside the little nest. It felt smooth and soft, and—yes, there *was* a partridge feather, like a fairy tent top, to keep out the wet.

"Too bad the eggs and the birds are gone," said Father. "Feel around, Jane, and see if there's anything left."

Jane felt around. "There's something," she said. "Shall I take it out?"

"Yes," said Father, "because it's your birthday."

Jane reached down and took out a little bundle of paper, shaped like an egg and tied around with a band of white ribbon. Printed on the ribbon was: "For the birthday girl."

"Open it!" said Dolly. "It's the present."

Inside the paper was a gold ring with a blue stone.

"That's a turquoise," Dolly told Jane. "It's the birthstone for your month."

Jane tried it on, and it fitted beautifully.

By this time Mother had spread out the lunch on a beautiful paper tablecloth, decorated with pink roses. In the center was a Jack Horner pie that looked like a great pink rose, with a pink ribbon reaching to each child's place. In front of Jane's place at the head of the table was the birthday cake with eight pink candles.

"It was hard to decide how many candles," said Dolly. "Seven is right for me, but not for you, and you aren't nine yet. So we thought eight was best."

There were lots of other things to eat besides cake.

"Too bad there can't be ice cream," said Dick. "The freezer would be too heavy."

But there *was* ice cream, keeping frozen in Mother's big thermos jar, and the Jack Horner pie had a pink hair ribbon for every girl and a red necktie for Dick.

After lunch Father took out his knife and cut off the nest—which was a last year's nest now and would never be used again—for Jane to take back to the city.

"I did want that nest," sighed Dolly, as she got ready for bed that night, "and I would like a ring. But I'm glad I gave Jane my birthday, because I'll have lots of others and Jane hasn't any mother."



THE CHINA DOLL

(Continued from page 473)

greatest excitement they knelt by the broken doll that gave forth the treasure.

"What wise pirates to hide their treasure in a doll!" Betsy began, heaping the jewels into Grandma's apron.

"Think of the years that doll has lain around and with all that wealth!" and Grandma held the apron carefully as she cautiously made her way downstairs.

"And, oh, Grandma, wasn't it lucky that I didn't go to California with Mother and Daddy?" said Betsy, the treasure-finder.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

JUNE COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Carolina or Sora Rail: Color, olive brown and black with white streaks; breast and throat brownish in breeding time breast slate colored and face and throat black.

WINNERS

CORNELIA W. ALDRIDGE, Lyelles, Va.
Age 10

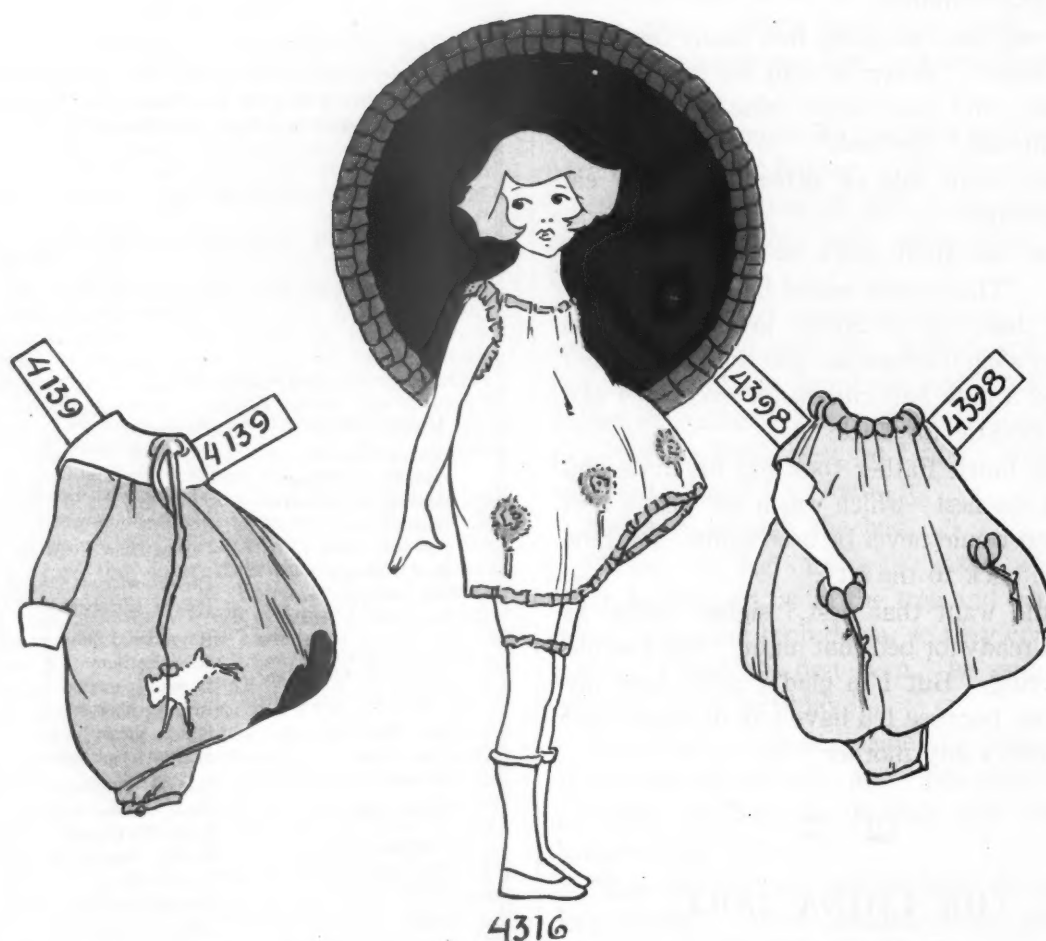
OWEN SEXSMITH, 18 Lanark Road, Park Hill,
Yonkers, N. Y., Age 6

HONOR ROLL

Arnstein, Benjamin S.	Messenger, Jane
Barcus, Marian	Morris, Elizabeth Z.
Barthmaier, Margie	Moulton, Ruth
Bartington, Winifred	Murray, Madeline B.
Barton, Paul	Myers, Marguerite
Basford, Helen J.	Ottley, Marcelle W.
Bird, Barbara	Pegues, Mary Rhett
Blackwelder, Ruth	Pickell, Elizabeth
Boomhower, Ruth	Raymond, Louise
Cooney, Jeanne	Rees, Barbara
Cornforth, Mary Jane	Ripley, Jeannette
Cuniberti, Vittorio E.	Roscoe, Alice
Deut, Roberta	Rosen, Victor
Dorr, Carol	Rush, Mary Eleanor
Drooster, Charlotte	Seabury, Elizabeth
Eberle, Edith C.	Shaw, Audrey May
Fairchild, Jane	Smith, Lu Cinda
Frisbie, Jeannette	Smith, Virginia K.
Fulton, Eloise	Smyth, Ruth
Ginder, Grove	Snyder, Kenneth
Goodwine, Virginia	Solomon, Leopold
Guffey, Helen	Spaulding, Jr., E. Gerry
Hall, Barbara	Stern, Cecile
Herron, Frances	Stowe, Eloise
Keiser, Lucille	Taggart, John M.
Kilboy, Kathryn	Tribble, Mary Nell
Kilner, Rowena K.	Trotter, Ida Marie
La Brier Maxine, Margie	Turman, Frances Louise
Landis, Robert	Tuttle, Frances E.
Leonard, Gladys W.	Vagele, Joseph A.
Lewis, Virginia	Van Der Heyden, Edward E.
Levy, Ruth	Wagner, Carolyn
Lord, Ann H.	Wayman, John G.
McNeer, Alice	Wilcox, Judith
MacKinnon, Jane	Wood, Winifred
Marsili, Faustina	Yoder, Frances

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



AS MUCH a part of summer as the flowers, are flower-like frocks we make for our diminutive daughters. Suggestions for trimming that add charm and make them just a little bit different are made for the following patterns.

Pattern No. 4316, sizes 1-5 years, is a sleeveless frock of white organdy trimmed with quilling of yellow organdy. Small bouquets of organdy flowers and leaves are used on the skirt. Cunning! Just make one and see.

Pattern No. 4398, sizes 2-8 years, a plain kimona dress, but made of crepe de chine with a darker shade for a collar of petals and two flower pockets; it is adorable and suitable for all occasions.

Pattern No. 4139, sizes 2-8 years, made of light blue flannel, with deep circular collar and cuffs of white flannel did seem

rather plain until the eiderdown lamb came into existence. Any one can make an eiderdown lamb. You need not hem it; just sew it tightly around the edges and it will never run away.

Bloomers? Yes, a pair to match every dress is the proper thing these days. Every mother has a favorite bloomer pattern tucked away in her pattern box. Some prefer the straight plain legs and others the full kind that are gathered into a band. But, be sure and have your bloomers!

Patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.



See following page for rules of Poster Page Contest

CHILD LIFE POSTER CONTEST

ON PAGE 503 you will find some more little poster friends. Cut them all out—just as you did last month and the month before—or else trace them on colored paper (gummed colored paper is good) and cut out the tracings.

You will now have the figures and designs (from the June, July and August poster pages) for the complete picture. Now select a background of heavy paper, or a parchment lamp shade if you like, and make a pretty picture (or poster frieze) with *all* these figures and designs you have cut from the three poster pages. Paste them on your background in any way you like best.

Then send your complete picture or frieze or decorated lamp shade to CHILD LIFE POSTER CONTEST EDITOR, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Send it so it will reach this office by August 12th. Be sure to have your *name age and address* clearly written in ink on the back of your poster.

The following prizes will then be given for the best poster. The winners' names will be announced in the October number of CHILD LIFE.

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN PRIZES!

Prizes for children from 4 to 8 years old:

First prize.....	\$25.00
Second prize.....	15.00
Third prize.....	10.00
Fourth prize.....	8.00
Fifth prize.....	6.00

Sixth to Ninth Prizes:

5 prizes of.....	\$5.00
10 prizes of.....	3.00
10 prizes of.....	2.00
25 prizes of.....	1.00

Prizes for children from 9 to 14 years old:

First prize.....	\$25.00
Second prize.....	15.00
Third prize.....	10.00
Fourth prize.....	8.00
Fifth prize.....	6.00

Sixth to Ninth Prizes:

5 prizes of.....	\$5.00
10 prizes of.....	3.00
10 prizes of.....	2.00
25 prizes of.....	1.00

You're going to win one of these prizes, aren't you?



HOW THESE MODERN INVENTIONS DO SAVE TIME!

By MORE EVERMORE

JENNY ON THE WIRE: Hello! Is this the Woodpecker Department Store? Mrs. Wren of Clematis Corner speaking. Please send me a paper of pine needles, assorted gold-eyed sharps; a pod of milkweed silk, letter A, white; a yard and a half of mullein leaf, good quality, suitable for little Birdie's winter coat; and a pair of those yellow lady-slippers that you advertised at 14 songs a pair, (dear me, how high shoes are this year!) size 1½, please. I hope you can send them right away, for the dressmaker is waiting for the materials. Oh, yes, from the grocery department you may send me two buttercups of your best creamery cowslip butter, a dozen white moth eggs (do you guarantee them fresh?) a loaf of bee bread, and a jar of honey-suckle honey. Be sure to send your bill with the goods, Mr. Woodpecker. (Ringing off.) How people ever kept house before the telephone was invented I'm sure I can't begin to imagine. I believe I'll have to have an extension put into the kitchen. Yes, I will! Like this. Now, isn't that convenient?





CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Heroes of Peace

"Whose birthday can we celebrate this month?" asked Elizabeth as the members of the Good Citizens' League crowded around the chart on which Miss Bradley, their counselor, had written the names of the great men whose birthdays fall in August.

"There's not many heroes on the list," objected David. "There's one president—Benjamin Harrison—and there's Francis Scott Key and some other writers like Sir Walter Scott and Goethe and Tolstoy. But there aren't any famous soldiers or generals."

"But we're not talking about generals," Miss Bradley interrupted merrily. "We're talking about heroes of peace. That's our subject for August. Sometimes it's much harder to be brave in peace times than in times of war, and even our great war heroes—Lincoln and Washington, for instance—were great peace leaders, too. Haven't any of you heard of the Carnegie Hero Medal awards?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miriam. "They are bronze, silver and gold medals for men and women who risk their lives for others in times of peace. I can look up all about it and tell the other members at our next meeting."

"That would be splendid," Miss Harvey agreed. "Wouldn't each of you like to look up one of the men whose birthday falls in August and find out in what way he was heroic? Take Sir Walter Scott. No one ever put up a better fight in the name of right and honor. When the men associated with him in business brought financial ruin upon him, although it was not his fault, he assumed responsibility for the entire amount due their creditors (about \$650,000) and worked bravely and unceasingly until almost the day of his death to pay a debt for which he was not legally bound."

"I'll tell the league about Sir Walter

Message to CHILD LIFE Good Citizens

From LEE DeFOREST

Inventor of "Audion" that made broadcasting possible

Our nation needs, more than anything else, clear-thinking, hard-working, earnest but happy men and women, boys and girls. And, therefore, I believe that radio in the home is one of the finest institutions which progress has brought to mankind. For radio keeps boys and girls and grown-ups at home and together, in harmonious touch with each other and with the best of the great outside.

Scott next time," offered Jack. "He was brave when he was a boy, too."

"And, David, we *do* have soldiers on our list. Tolstoy served in the Crimean War, as a young man, and at this time his sympathy was aroused for the ignorant Russian peasant. But his great battle was waged against prejudice and intolerance that the serf might have a happier life."

"I'll read about him," said David. "I'll take Francis Scott Key," Dick volunteered. "It took pluck to write that beautiful song while the firing was going on."

Soon every member had agreed to look up some great August birthday. And what is more, they agreed to be heroic in little things, just as in July they had been patriotic in every way, however small.

"I used to think," said David, "that you had to have special things to be heroic about. But it's different when you know that everything you do gives you a chance to be either courageous or a coward. Gee, isn't it great to be a hero?"

Great Birthdays in August

Alfred Tennyson—August 6, 1809
Sir Walter Scott—August 15, 1771
Count Leo Tolstoy—August 28, 1828
Percy Bysshe Shelley—August 4, 1792
Oliver Wendell Holmes—August 29, 1809
Benjamin Harrison—August 20, 1833
Francis Bret Harte—August 25, 1839
Francis Scott Key—August 1, 1779
Thomas De Quincy—August 15, 1786
John Dryden—August 9, 1631
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—August 28, 1749

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon request, will be sent a membership pin free of charge. A copy

A GOOD CITIZEN

HEROES OF PEACE

1. I read about Sir Walter Scott.
2. I read about Leo Tolstoy.
3. I read about some other hero on the list.
4. I looked up the story of the writing of "The Star Spangled Banner."
5. I learned a few facts about the Carnegie Hero Medal awards.
6. I learned something about the work of our brave firemen.
7. I visited the fire department with an older person.
8. I learned something about the bravery of our Arctic explorers.
9. I read about the work of the brave life savers at the beaches.
10. I learned a few facts about a brave reformer.
11. I learned a few facts about a brave religious leader.
12. I learned something about the work of our brave policemen.
13. I learned something about the work of our brave miners.
14. I was brave when disappointed.
15. I was brave in the dark.
16. I was cheerful about bumps and falls.
17. I did what I thought right when others laughed.
18. I kept my temper when laughed at.
19. I controlled myself when provoked.
20. I confessed a mistake bravely.
21. I was cheerful about tasks I dislike.
22. I finished my work before starting to play.
23. I attempted a difficult task without hesitating.
24. I kept my word at a personal sacrifice.
25. I watched over a younger child in play.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your August list of good deeds in time to reach us by September 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

SOMETHING I HAVE MADE

Another Contest

EVERYONE of you boys has invented a new toy or built a bird house or learned to make Mother a piece of furniture in manual training. Each of you girls has woven a basket or made a new kind of rag doll, a party favor or an unusual piece of needle work. And all of you have found fun in making these things and in playing with them afterwards.

Now, CHILD LIFE is giving you a *third* chance to have joy with your idea, for you will have the happiness of sharing it with others. Besides, it is offering forty-six prizes to the boys and girls under fourteen who have made the most interesting articles. Read the rules carefully and make something right away, if you already haven't worked out some attractive idea you wish to submit.

Send us before August 12th a photograph of whatever interesting article you have made—or the article itself—and send also a brief description of how you have made it. Address CHILD LIFE Contest Editor, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., and be sure that you have your *name, age and address*, written clearly in ink, on your paper.

The best articles and directions received will win the following prizes:

FORTY-SIX PRIZES

First prize.....	\$20.00
Second prize.....	10.00
Third prize.....	8.00
Fourth prize.....	6.00

Fifth to ninth prizes:

2 prizes of.....	\$5.00
10 prizes of.....	3.00
10 prizes of.....	2.00
20 prizes of.....	1.00

The prize winners' names will be announced in the November issue of CHILD LIFE.

Start right away. There's a fine chance for you to win a prize.

of the handbook will be mailed to any young person or adult who is interested in starting a branch league. Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Honorable Mention

The following report was given honorable mention in the clean-up contest conducted by the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League during April.

Honorable Judges:

Each girl was provided with a badge with one of our ten slogans on each, and these were to indicate to all what our troop of apron-clad figures was doing.

Here is our report: We cleaned or washed seventy windows, two closets, one floor, two cellars (very, very dirty), eighteen brass knobs (brass was invisible), seven rooms, one yard.

The slogans were:

Cleaning up brings better health.
Give health a chance to live.
Broadcast cleaning from the Cambridge station.
The city needs your help.
Make your town the best model.
Help the wind and rain clean up.
A good citizen knows how to help his fellow-citizens.
Join the cleaning-up brigade. It pays.
We know how to welcome the spring.
It pays to clean up.

The loyal good citizens were: Genevieve McGlinchey, Margaret O'Connell, Mary Sheehan, Marie Mercier, Anna Deely, Katherine Leahy, Helen McConnell, Mary Harris, Helen Rolls.

Altogether we have worked the whole of *twenty-five* solid hours of hard, hard work.

To celebrate our victory we are going to stage a play called "The Victory of a Good Citizen" and if we do not win we will console ourselves by saying, "We have done our best."

Hoping that you will appreciate our efforts,

We shall ever remain,

The faithful upholders of cleaning-up,
The America's Helper Branch
of

The CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League.

President—Marie Mercier,
7 Trowbridge Place,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Counselor—Mrs. Louis J. Mercier

Best Original Activities for May

The following activities were awarded ten additional Honor Points:

1. I gave an entertainment for poor children who could not go to a movie.—Alta Keeler, Indianapolis, Ind.
2. I helped varnish floors.—Robert Collier, Marysville, Ohio.
3. I amused a baby so her mother could rest.—Dorothy Quicksall, Philadelphia, Pa.
4. I prevented a dog from killing a kitten.—Richard Dunlap Shearer, Trimble, Ill.
5. I taught a girl something about swimming.—Matilda Strurgis, Brooklyn, N. Y.
6. I sent a book to a boy in Massachusetts who wrote me that he hadn't any books to read.—Harold M. Finley, McConnellsville, Ohio.
7. I fixed a bird house for the wrens.—Edith Roys, Chinook, Mont.
8. I memorized the rules for caring for the flag.—Genevieve Lewis, Oak Park, Ill.
9. I helped paint the porch furniture—Bernice Baughman, Marysville, Ohio.

The following members earned twenty-five or more Honor Points during May:

Anderson, Jr., Donald	Galloway, Betty	Roman, Helen
Anderson, Evelyn	Grimberg, Jeannine	Roys, Edith
Anderson, Mary Eloise	Grimes, Harold	Shay, Walter Victor
Bane, Harriett	Hairston, Jr., Peter W.	Shearer, Richard Dunlap
Baughman, Bernice	Keeler, Alta	Shiman, Adele N.
Blumenschein, Evelyn	Laskey, Mary	Spaulding, Janette
Coder, Eileen	Lewis, Genevieve	Speckel, Jane
Collier, Robert	Longbrake, Dorothy	Stevenson, Martha
Dean, Norman	Makaraivitz, Florence	Streng, Marie
Douglas, Frances	Makuch, Margaret	Strurgis, Matilda
Duncan, Jeanette	Morrow, Eleanore	Tarbutton, Hazel
Elliot, Ludlow	Otte, Walter	Tutcek, Leo
Finley, Harold M.	Parthemore, Dorothy	Wilhelm, Bosley
Fite, Charles C.	Petrin, Olga	Wilkins, John
Frey, Marshall	Quicksall, Dorothy	Woodward, Virginia
		Yeiter, Charlotte



THE JOLLY J'S

BY HELENE NYCE-



Long time ago, Ma baked
'lasses cokes. Johnny
had the spoon & Jock -



The "scrapins." A bee
who wanted some
lighted on his nose



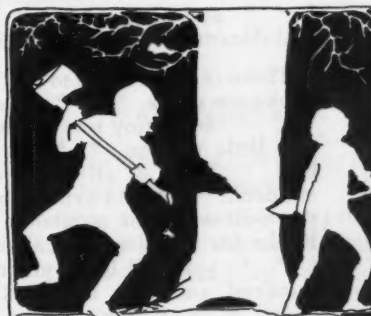
"Oo-oo-h!" Cried
Johnny: "Let's
'foller him!"



So they all made
a bee line to find the



Bee free! Then
they ran home to pa
who quickly came -



He and Johnny cut
down the tree. It was
dead anyhow.



They smoked the bees
to sleep & carried lots
of honey home - But
Jock wanted it ALL-



And when
he tried to get it -
he STUCK!



Oh! he didn't mind the
bee stings a BIT! - for of
COURSE the bees awoke -
but he was HARD to rescue!



The Spirit of Childhood

ONCE UPON A TIME * * * when you were little * * * the
 stories that were told you * * * and the stories that you read * * *
 went far to make you what you are * * * Do you remember * * * the
 big thoughts that you thought * * * and the dreams you dreamed * * *
 Now * * * there is an end of dreaming * * * perhaps * * * but
 the dreams go on * * * in other minds * * * your children
 * * * Eyes wide open * * * wonderin' about the world * * * and
 fairies * * * and the sea * * * and things. . . .



For your children * * *
 RAND McNALLY have made
 into books * * * the dreams
 of the great dreamers * * *
 Stevenson * * * Lewis
 Carroll * * * Hans Chris-
 tian Andersen * * * the
 Grimms * * * Hawthorne
 * * * Kipling * * * Mother
 Goose Herself * * * and
 many others * * * Original
 titles * * * modern fairy
 tales * * * These books are
 beautiful * * * worthy of

the names they bear * * * with drawings in
 many colors * * * which Milo Winter drew
 * * * and Maginel Wright Enright
 and dozens more * * * for little children. . . .

There is much more to tell * * * how these
 books are made * * * in series for all ages
 * * * from tiny tots to little men
 and little women * * * Each series the
 best * * * of all things ever written for
 children * * * and printed best * * * But if
 you will write for a catalog * * * called
 Books for Children and Guide for Selection
 * * * you will learn about more than one
 hundred and fifty books RAND McNALLY
 make * * * for children young and older
 * * * and how they may be bought * * *
 of any good bookseller.

CHILD LIFE * * * the
 delightful companion maga-
 zine of the RAND McNALLY
 Books for Children * * *
 It is unlike any other maga-
 zine. . . .

RAND McNALLY are
 pouring all their half-cen-
 tury experience into this
 magazine * * * Pictures
 drawn by the best artists
 * * * the charm of their
 coloring retained * * *
 Stories that live * * *
 Verse which sings itself to you. . . .

Hugh Lofting of Dr. Doolittle fame * * *
 Carl Sandburg * * * Milo Winter * * *
 these help make the magazine * * * and
 others in great number. . . .

CHILD LIFE * * * modern * * *
 spontaneous * * * a spring of joy * * *
 a builder of discrimination * * * to be read
 to little children * * * or for older children
 to read * * * in type large and clear.

It comes twelve times a year * * * Each
 issue holds a month of gladness * * *
 prompting thoughts * * * and telling things
 to do. . . .

Three dollars brings it for a year * * * or
 at news-stands * * * at thirty-five cents the
 copy.



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 help you choose.
 Send for it.



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Publishers of
CHILD LIFE
 The Children's Own Magazine

These Books are for sale by Booksellers Everywhere



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY ROSE WALDO, Editor
536 S. CLARK STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DOWN BY THE SEA

DOWN by the sea,
Where the waves dash high,
Where the gulls fly about,
And ships pass by,
That is where I'd like to be,
Where mermaids sing
The song of the sea.

I'd toss to the gulls,
Some bits of bread—
Those gulls, that merrily
Fly over my head.

Down by the sea—
Where mermaids roam,
Where the rocks are shiny
And covered with foam,
That is where I'd like to be,
Where mermaids sing,
The song of the sea.



MARION KLEIN

THE LITTLE BIRDIE

I LOVE the little birdie,
I like his pretty wings.
I love the little birdie,
I like the way he sings.

WANDERING

WANDERING, wandering
through the woods,
Where daisies nod their heads,
And in the lovely thick green moss
The violets have their beds!

Wandering, wandering through the
woods,
Where gurgling streams run on.
Much softer is the woodland grass
Than on a city lawn!

Wandering, wandering through the
woods
Where cool spring breezes blow,
And grasses with their dew-drop
load
Nod green stems to and fro!

Wandering, wandering through the
woods
Where birds their carols sing
And blue bells with their little
flowers,
Sweet tiny chimes they ring!

Age 11 years MARION KLEIN Los Angeles, Calif.

Age 7 years EUNICE L. MOODY Tampa, Fla.

Age 9 years JEAN HOCH

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM very interested in the Joy Givers' Club and would like to join. My aunt gets CHILD LIFE and I always read it. I like Dizzy Lizzy, the story about the Eskimo, The Huckabuck Family and Just Like This pictures.

Please excuse my handwriting but I wanted to write all by myself.

Kind regards to you,

JOHN S. FUERST

TAXICABS

I LOVE to ride in taxicabs,
Yellow, black and white,
Because they go so very swift,
They go with all their might.

I like to get the good fresh air
Way up on top of a bus
But I always have to ride inside
'Cause my auntie makes a fuss.

JOHN S. FUERST

Age 6½ years New York City.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I WANT to tell you how much I like to read CHILD LIFE. I am a little girl just five and a half years old (on March 9th) and I can read the magazine all by myself. When my Daddy brings it home, I just sit down and read every word on every page.

Here is a poem I made up. I like it best for a song. I hope you will print it.

I SAW a little brook,
And I thought I would look
In and see what I could see.
There I saw a little elf
That looked just like myself;
Ha! Ha! and he was me.

FRANCES ROSE RANSOM
Age 5½ years Chicago, Ill.

MY GOAT

I HAVE a little goat, her name is May.
She cries "Maa-Maa" for me all day.
I feed her twice a day, you see,
So she won't chew my clothes off me.

CLARICE BURKHOLDER
Age 8 years Mullins, S. C.

My dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you my poem. I hope you like it. I read and like CHILD LIFE Magazine so much, I wish to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I am sending you my picture reading CHILD LIFE.

DEAR little birdie,
Up in a tree,
Dear little birdie,
Come sing to me.
I'll pet your brown head,
And put you to bed,
And kiss you good-night
When your prayers are said.

MURIEL STOKES

Age 8 years Denver, Colo.



MURIEL STOKES

THE ELF DANCE

ONE fresh early morning
Before the sun awoke,
Some gay little elves
Came dancing out to play.
They had torches in their hands,
And fireflies following them.
In their hands were little bands.
They played on the soft green grass;
Pitter patter went their little feet.
They played where the dew was falling
Until they heard the Queen Elf calling.
Then they ran gaily from the dawn,
The little fireflies leading them
To show their way home.

ELIZABETH ALICE HOWARD
Age 8 years Georgetown, Texas.

GOOBA

ONCE upon a time there was a little dwarf, only six inches high, named Gooba. If you will look at his name carefully you will find it something like "good-bad," with the last letters left off.

Gooba never appeared till night, when I would put my head under the bedclothes and look into the darkness. Then he would let me see all manner of beautiful things—stars of all colors, beautiful carpets, people's faces, scenery, and even once an electric train.

I had just met Gooba that night, when suddenly he showed me the most beautiful rug, and on the rug many railways going in all directions. The carpet was slit, and lifted up in some places to make tunnels.

Suddenly I found that I had grown as small as Gooba and was quite able to walk through these tunnels by bending a little. So Gooba and I proceeded to walk through them.

All at once the train started. Nearer and nearer it came till we thought we would never escape. The train was upon us! My legs were knocked out from under me and I bumped my head against the roof. By doing this I discovered that the tunnel was of chocolate, and began nibbling at it.

We wandered on and on, and finally, finding ourselves in the open air, I noticed that on the carpet was a wonderful little village. Here the train stopped and we stopped too. Then Gooba announced that he lived there. He took me into his house, which was a very queer one. The roof was slanting down to the ground and windows were across the front so that the house looked like the letter "A." This, the dwarf explained, was so he could move it up and down, as he changed his size often.

Then he opened his door and went in, and I was left alone in my own little bed. I never had a chance to see Gooba's house again.

VIRGINIA HAYNES
Dorchester, Mass

Age 11½ years

Dear Miss Waldo:

OUR room at school are members of the Junior Red Cross. We wanted to do something to have our names on the roll. I am in the fifth grade. The sixth grade teacher asked our teacher if we would like to help them get ready a box for the crippled children. Our teacher said that we could bring paper dolls, glass dolls, books and other things to entertain them. I took some of the dolls from CHILD LIFE to give to the children. My teacher said they were very nice. CHILD LIFE will make somebody else besides myself happy.

Your friend,
UTALYNE PARK
Toledo, Ohio.

THE FIRST STAR

WAY up in the dark blue sky
A little star is sitting,
All wrapped in white,
As it looks down upon me
It smiles and says,
"I am the first star of the night."

COLONY KINSLEY
Age 9 years Ithaca, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

WHEN I come home from school once every month there is my CHILD LIFE waiting for me with its bright cheerful cover on it. I read it when I am at lunch. The things I like best of all are the puzzles by Helen Hudson. Little Artists is another favorite of mine.

I have a little 9-month-old cousin who comes to visit me often and when he comes, he likes to look and reach and laugh at the bright colors on the front of CHILD LIFE.

My cousin in the country is sick and I have sent her all the paper dolls and things to put together, for it is lonesome way out in the country. My friends in school all want to know when CHILD LIFE comes.

I picked my magazine article out of CHILD LIFE also, and I am in the 7th grade. That was a study.

ANNA WARDEN
Age 11 years Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Rose Waldo:

MY sister Esther takes CHILD LIFE and I read it. She is a member of the Joy Givers' Club and I want to be one, too. I am sending a picture of myself, and I hope you will put it in CHILD LIFE. I like to read CHILD LIFE very much. There are very good stories. I like the funny stories best. I laughed so much about the story of Dizzy Lizzy. I wish it hadn't ended yet.

Your new friend,
REEVAN NOVOGROD
Age 7 years Westerly, R. I.



REEVEAN NOVOGROD

ESTES PARK

ESTES Park is a most picturesque park with its ancient peaks, high snowy glaciers and sky blue lakes with emerald green trees reflected in them. The most fragrant flowers grow there, and beautifully colored butterflies fly among them. Birds sing the song of summer on the branches above them. The yellow sun shines at daybreak and the soft moon, with its star guards, shines at night.

The soft summer breezes blow the flowers' petals in the air, and they make the air smell of the fragrance of the flowers.

WILLIAM ACHILLES
Age 9 years Denver, Colo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I RECEIVED your letter the fifth of October. I was very much pleased when it came. Outdoor Sports, Nursery Nuggets, and the Toytown Tattler are my favorite stories.

One day I went on a walking trip. We took a picnic lunch which we ate near the top of a mountain. We left the house about half past nine. When we first started we followed a road for a little way and then we crossed a meadow. After that it was mostly woods. After walking a while we came to some underbrush through which a sort of path had been made. While we were going through this my cousin and I would catch our feet in the rocks and trip. That part of the way was very funny.

We next happened upon a very large bush of raspberries. We picked some and ate them. When we had nearly reached our destination we stopped to rest under a large tree. When we did reach the end I looked down and counted seventeen ponds and lakes. We had our lunch and then sat down to rest. That night after we got home I was certainly ready to go to bed.

Yours lovingly,
HELEN WILDER,
New York City, N. Y.
Age 10 years

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

ONCE there were a lot of elves that lived in the hollow of a tree. It was said that long ago a great treasure was hidden. They hunted everywhere but could not find it.

Once the queen sent out two of her faithful servants to hunt for it. While they were sitting on the bank of a stream, one of them saw a box floating down.

He said, "Maybe that is a box of gold or something."

He stuck out a stick and brought it in. It was the *Treasure*. He opened it and found a lot of subscriptions to CHILD LIFE.

Lots of Love,
VIRGINIA MORRISON
Coronado, Calif.

To Brighten Summer Play hours

HERE are fascinating playthings that all children love. You can find them at any good toy shop—and the "Sandy Andy" name is a reliable guide to the substantial quality which these toys offer.

Panama Pile Driver

An automatic marble toy very realistic and interesting in its action. Marbles in the chute keep the pile driver running up and down just like a real one. The



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A sand toy that will delight any youngster. Sand runs out of the hopper and fills the car, which then runs down the incline and dumps the load, returning for more. Entirely automatic as long as there is sand in the hopper. Clean, white sand is included.

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Wonderfully interesting for little tots, and entirely practical for laundering dolls' clothes. Each article is a miniature copy of a large one. The wringer has real rubber rolls; the wash tub is beautifully enameled inside and outside, and the wash boards have either a wood or real glass surface. There are four different sets each containing all or some of the articles illustrated.



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These are only a few of a great many equally attractive Toys and Games which are made to amuse and instruct children. They are all sold in every good toy shop and may be identified by the name "Sandy Andy."

WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG. CO.
Makers of "Sandy Andy" Toys at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Write to Wolverine Supply & Mfg. Co., Room 408, 800 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a circular illustrating and describing all these wonderful "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games.

THE BIRD BOX

OH! What excitement at Cedar Lane! Even the dignified cardinal jerked his tail from side to side, and the little chickadees nearly made themselves dizzy hopping from branch to branch.

"What is all this excitement about?" asked the squirrel, who did not see any cause for it.

"Why, the wonderful box is being put up!" cried the nuthatch, who was standing right side up, by mistake, on the trunk of the dogwood tree.

"But what is the box for?" demanded the squirrel, who still did not understand.

"It feeds us birds all winter," replied the pine siskin. "He was quarreling over a berry with the purple finch, but he stopped long enough to answer the squirrel's question."

"But don't you do anything but eat in the box?"

"Oh yes, we squabble and watch the children who come to feed us. There are five children in the house, three girls and two boys. One little girl cannot walk at all. She sits in her chair by the window box and watches us. We are getting quite well acquainted with her. But, at first, we were afraid to go near the box while she was there. All of us, that is, except the chickadees, who are never afraid like the rest of us."

"Then the cardinal plucked up courage and came for a few bread crumbs."

"Isn't he beautiful?" interrupted the squirrel. "Just look at his gorgeous red coat! I don't blame him for being dignified and conceited!" "Conceited" reminds me of an incident that happened last year," put in the pine siskin. "The blue jay gave the catbird a challenge to see who could keep all the other birds away from the box. The catbird said 'Oh, I can do that!' So he took his place in the box and stayed for five minutes. But when he came out, all the other birds were snickering, for a little chickadee had slipped in behind him and had been there all the time!"

This is a true story, for I heard

the birds talking together as I sat in my chair by the window, waiting for the other children to come in from play.

AUGUSTA CHESTON

South Orange, N. J.

Age 12 years

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I CERTAINLY do enjoy reading this wonderful magazine and am writing to tell you the pleasure I obtain from it. I can hardly wait for it each month.

I hope you will like the little poem and puzzle I have enclosed.

With the CHILD LIFE Magazines I have, I have put them all together and made one big book, a book of "Golden Treasures." I read the Joy Givers and would like to have more information concerning it, so that I may belong also.

We have the darlings little dog. I am sure you would just love him if you saw him. A detective gave him to us and, my word, but he's cute! He's so playful. We have named him "Sport." Don't you think it a nice name? He is now three months old.

I will now give my pen a rest, till I write again.

Wishing CHILD LIFE every success possible, I remain,

MARIE BIRRELL

Age 12 Toronto, Ont., Can.

PUZZLE

ALICE went to a grocery store and handed the grocer the following bill:

- 1 tin of rncs
- 1 jar of dustmra
- 1 peck of toesotap
- 1 box of ddeehrs eatwh
- 1 agecabb
- 2 lbs. of stametoo
- 3½ lbs. of lfruo
- 4 lbs. of terbut
- 5 lbs. of rugas
- 2 lbs. of snono

—from Alice.

"Whatever in the world is this?" exclaimed the grocer.

But it is only Alice's order. See if you can straighten out the words. Rncs is corn.

MARIE BIRRELL

MARIGOLD

COME here, sparrow. I want to talk to you," called Marigold in bird language. The yellow canary was flitting around in his cage, the gold fish were swimming contentedly in their bowl beneath him, and the love birds were cooing, seeming very happy with each other. Marigold wanted a companion. Bluett had called this morning, but not another bird was in sight this afternoon except a common sparrow.

"Didn't you hear me, sparrow?" Marigold looked out of the window. "I said to come here and sit on the window sill, near the flowerpot. There's where Bluett, my bluebird friend, sits. There, that's better. Now listen. I want you to know that locked-up canaries have adventures, too.

"One day Daisy, my mistress, left the cage door open, and as I was lonesome I flew right out of the door. I made friends with Bluett and we had a great time playing in the trees by the brook and chasing butterflies. I also went to Bluett's nest, but I told him I wouldn't live in it for three dishes of seed. He said he wouldn't live in a cage for fifty worms. We almost quarreled. What's that? You say you wouldn't live in a cage? Impertinent bird!

"I grew very tired, since I wasn't used to being out. So now Bluett comes to my house to visit. He sits on the window sill. You say that wasn't much of an adventure? Well, it was. I don't suppose you want any seed for supper; so run along, sparrow, and get some worms. Ugh! the squirming things!"

Marigold sighed, "No company until Bluett comes in the morning."

Now wasn't Marigold happy when Daisy came in with a mate for him? Little Buttercup was a very good companion to Marigold. What happy times there were when Mr. and Mrs. Bluett and their family sat on the window sill by the flowerpot, visiting with Marigold, Buttercup and their only child.

MARGARET HELEN JONES
Age 12 years Jamestown, N. Y.

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Elaine Lindberg, Drayton, N. D.
Katherine Aydelotte, 3907 Monroe Street, Gary, Ind.

Virginia Wilcox, 437 Vine St., Morris, Ill.

Mary E. Nye, Ogden, Utah, age 11 years.

Marjorie Elliott, 143 E. Bridge, Elyria, Ohio, age 10 years.

Catherine Jean Quirk, Watertown, Wis., age 9 years.

Olga Jones Kukre, 1134 Grand Ave., Grant Junction, Colo.

Margaret Kelly, Mactier, Ont., Canada, age 11 years.

Dollie White, 212 E. Second St., Newton, Kan.

Helen Prince, 673 S. Lincoln St., Denver, Colo.

Arlene Keller, Box 104, Spirit Lake, Idaho, age 11 years.

Lois Adams, General Delivery, Mansfield, Ohio.

Helen Beatrice Stewart, Darlington Ind.

Doris Bryant, 212 N. 13th St., E. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, age 11 years.

Irma Zeef, R.F.D. 5, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Helen Selden, 4813 S. 3d St., Portland, Ore.

Robert Nunn, Maywood, Mo.

Kathleen M. Pratt, 1825 Queen Anne Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Winnie Poppleton, Box 106, Haileybury, Ont., Canada.

Sue Mallory, St. Marys, Va.

Harriet Metzger, 15 East Kossuth St., Columbus, Ohio.

Pauline Snyder, 639 Hudson Ave., Vallejo, Cal.

Elisabeth Muller, 735 19th Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Kathleen Williams, Box 264, St. Marys, W. Va.

Peggy Pierce, 702 6th Ave., Mandan, N. D.

Julia Frances Kenny, West Plains, Mo., age 9 years.

Elizabeth Johnston, 404 Adams St., Steubenville, Ohio.

Harriet Ives, Red Lake Falls, Minn., age 11 years.

Martha Thompson, 564 Broad St., East Weymouth, Mass., age 7½.

Sammy Lane Hair, Box 17, Ellairlle, Ga., age 10½ years.

Louise Paff, 800 S. High St., Columbus, Ohio, age 9 years.

Alta Keeler, 931 S. East St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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536 So. Clark St.

Chicago

Are the Children In Your Neighborhood GOOD CITIZENS?

NOW that school has closed, how will their time be spent? In idleness or in intelligent play and helpful work? A branch of the CHILD LIFE'S Good Citizens' League in your neighborhood will provide them with wholesome good times and expert training in citizenship. Write for our handbook if you wish our cooperation in making the children of your neighborhood *good citizens*. The service of our Good Citizens' League is entirely free.

Child Life Good Citizens' League
536 S. Clark Street
Chicago, Ill.

- ☐ I am interested in organizing a branch league. Please send me a handbook.
☐ Please send me information about special membership.
☐ Please send membership pins for the children whose names, ages and addresses I have listed on the enclosed sheet of paper.

Name

Street and number

City..... State.....

Dear Miss Waldo:

MAY I join your Joy Givers' Club? I am four years old and enjoy your CHILD LIFE Magazine so much. We have taken CHILD LIFE for more than a year and don't see how we could get along without the wonderful things it brings us, especially the little poems.

Here is my picture. I hope it will bring you joy.

Lovingly, your little friend,

POLLY GOWANS

Age 4 years

Ottawa, Kans.



POLLY GOWANS

THE SQUIRREL

I SAW a squirrel and it saw me,
It was so frightened it climbed
a tree.

Then I went back to my little hut
And then the squirrel threw down
a nut.

And then I said, "Oh, come with me,
I'll make a nest up in my tree."
So then the squirrel just hopped
along
And sang to me this little song.

"You gave me a home and I thank
you!
I'll make you happy when you're
blue!"

MARCIA MORRISON

Age 9 years Indianapolis, Ind.

PETER RABBIT'S TRIP TO THE MOON

IT WAS a warm day on the green
meadows and Peter Rabbit was

taking a nap in the tall grass, when he was awakened by a loud noise. He shook with fright. He did not know which way to run, so he stood still and listened and again he heard the same noise. It sounded as if some one were hitting on a tree. After a while he heard something that sounded like the falling of a tree. The next thing he knew he was covered with something that looked like a brush pile. It was a tree some wood cutters had cut down. It was their axes he had heard. He thought it would be a fine place to lie down and take a nap.

Soon a little bear came and said, "Do you want to go to the moon?"

"Yes," said Peter Rabbit. "But how will you get there?"

"Oh," said little Bear. "We will go up the Milky Way."

So when night came they went up the Milky Way until they came to the moon.

Little Bear called to the Man in the Moon to open the door.

Soon Peter Rabbit heard a step and it was the Man in the Moon.

He opened the door and said, "Come in," so they went in and found themselves in a beautiful garden full of flowers.

Some were like stars. Some were like the sun and others were like the moon. Butterflies filled the air and birds sang in the trees.

Peter Rabbit thought he had never seen anything quite so beautiful before. They played tag and hide-and-go-seek till they were tired.

Then Little Bear said they must be going. They went to the Man in the Moon and asked him to open the door. But when he did they found that they had stayed all night and the Sun was up and the Milky Way was gone.

How could they ever get down?

Little Bear said they could jump.

They both jumped at once. Down, down they fell. Just then Peter Rabbit woke up. He said, "I do not want to go to the Moon again."

Then he went home to tell Mother Cotton-Tail his dream.

HAZEL SONGER

Age 11 years Wichita, Kan.

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY best Christmas gift, though I received many, was a year's subscription to CHILD LIFE from my aunt.

I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

VIOLA RUTH WARREN
Chicago, Ill.

MY MOTHER

MY mother is a very nice lady I know,

Whenever we can we go to a show,

She'll sit on the porch and watch me at play

And she gives me some cloth for my doll clothes each day.

I think she's so pretty; her eyes are so blue,

Her hair is so brown that its lovely, 'tis true,

And she'll boost me up trees many a time,

She does it each day when I want to climb.

AMELIA BATES
Age 10 years Rosslyn, Va.

FAIRY LAND

ONCE upon a time there lived a little boy named Allen. He was eight years old and very good. Well, one rainy afternoon he was sitting in the playroom of his house and he was reading a book about fairy land, and then all at once the rocking chair that he was sitting in began to rock back and forth and he felt sleepy and pretty soon he was in a large ball room. He looked around and there were fairies dancing around and around. Oh, it was beautiful,—the bright lights and everything! Then all at once something went bang and he woke up and found it just a dream. And nurse had just opened the playroom door to tell him tea was ready and that woke him up.

HELEN WELDON
Age 10 years Watertown, N. Y.

THE TREE

ONCE upon a time there was a little tree. It was growing in the ground. I asked it, "What is your name?"

Of course you know the little tree could not answer, because little trees do not have any mouths. So then I went home. The next day I went out and it was a little taller than before, and I saw a little bud on it.

I watched the tree every day until one day there was a peach growing on it, and then I knew it was a peach tree. Every day it seemed a new peach grew on it, and I was happy ever after.

AUDREY A. BLUM
Germantown, Pa.

Age 5½ years

LIFE OF A PENNY

A PENNY that had just been made was wondering what would happen next, when he was put into a box with other coins and taken to the bank for distribution.

"I wonder where I will go," he thought.

Just then it was all dark around him, and after asking a dime who was older than he, he found they were in a man's pocket.

Suddenly the penny saw the light. He also heard a voice say, "Polly, here is a present for you. Daddy hopes you will put it in your bank."

Then he felt himself dropping, and when he landed it made a clinky sound as he fell on some other coins. They began to talk.

"I heard Polly say that she is going to take us out of here and spend us for her birthday tomorrow," said an old, wise nickel.

Sure enough, they were all taken out and spent. After the new penny had spent quite a time in the cash register he was taken out to make change for a customer. The customer was Polly's mamma, and the new penny came into Polly's possession once more. Only once! For the rest of its life it was in her bank.

VIRGINIA BUSS
Age 11 years Cleveland, Ohio



THIS exclusive children's camp is open to a selected group of girls from three to fourteen and little boys from three to ten. Under the personal direction of Dr. Edith B. Lowry.

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THE COCK AND THE CLOCK

ONCE a Cock and an Alarm Clock had a quarrel.

The Cock said: "I can wake everybody up better!"

And the Clock said: "No: I can wake everybody up better!"

So they went to a Bird. They asked: "Who is better for waking people up, the Cock or the Clock?"

"I don't know," said the Bird, "ask the Dog."

So they went to the Dog.

"Who is better for waking people up. Do you know, Dog?"

No answer.

So they asked the Cat.

"I don't know," said the Cat. "Go to the Wise Old Horse."

So they went to the Horse. They asked: "Horse, who is better to wake people up, the Cock or the Clock?"

The Wise Old Horse said:

"Now I'll go to sleep a couple minutes and see who can wake me up first."

And so he went to sleep a couple of minutes.

Then the Clock rang—"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ling-ling-ling!"

It woke the Horse up.

Then he said: "I'll go to sleep for the Cock to wake me up."

So he went to sleep.

Then the Cock cried: "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" He woke the Horse up.

Then the Wise Old Horse said: "You are both good. So hereafter it is better not to quarrel about who is better or who can make the most noise, for you are both the best!"

ALLAN L. BETHEL, JR.

Age 6 years St. Louis, Mo.

DELIGHT IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS

THERE was once a little girl named Delight. She was very pretty, and loved flowers. One day, while she was out sprinkling her flower garden, a dainty piece of paper came fluttering to the ground. She ran to pick it up,

but found it was a little flower fairy that had come to take her to Flower Land. The fairy gave Delight a pair of wings, and they flew to Flower Land.

When they arrived, they found that all the fairies had gone to a banquet at the queen's house, and one fairy could not go, because he couldn't find his wings, and would not go to the party without them.

The little fairy looked like this—



Delight saw the fairy's tearful face, and said, "Let me go home for a minute, and I will bring something to make the fairy stop crying."

The fairy let her go, and she returned in a few minutes with a copy of CHILD LIFE Magazine. The little fairy looked at the pictures, read the stories, and after he had finished the whole magazine, he looked like this—



and said that queen's balls could never be compared with CHILD LIFE.

MARION KLEIN

Los Angeles, Calif.

Age 11 years

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE THREE RABBITS

ONE day three bunnies named Cutie, Beauty and Peter were playing out in the yard. Beauty, who was the oldest, said, "Let us go and ask Mother if we may go for a walk in the woods." They all agreed. Their mother said they might, so off they started.

Not long after that they came to a little cottage. They were beginning to grow hungry, so they went in and there on a bed lay a fairy who seemed to be asleep. Beauty, Cutie and Peter did not want to disturb her so they did not worry about anything to eat.

Pretty soon they heard the galloping of a horse behind them. They all turned around, and there right behind them was a prince and his lady on a beautiful white horse. They were so frightened that they tried to hide themselves in the bushes, but the horse followed them. The prince took them home with him. He told the servant to build a pen and feed them. Every once in a while the servant let them out.

It happened that one afternoon the servant fell asleep. The little rabbits had been so lonesome for their mother, so they decided to go and get her. So off they started. As soon as they got home they called their mother but no one called back. Pretty soon their mother came home from the bakery. They told her all about the prince and his castle. They asked her if she would like to go and she said she would. When they got to the castle the servant was still asleep. They ate grass just as they had before.

So that is "what happened to the rabbits."

JOAN ODELL PARR

Age 10 years Kansas City, Mo.

Children as They See and Think and Do Their Joys and Troubles

I stopped to
thank each
little bird

That sings
upon the
tree,



And tell it
that I
never
heard

More
pleasant
harmony.

Full-page color plate, actual size, from a drawing by Maginel Wright Enright

From

When Little Thoughts Go Rhyming

Rimes by ELIZABETH KNOBEL

Pictures by MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

Send for catalog of
Books for Children and Guide for Selection

Published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

270 Madison Avenue, New York

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